THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^z D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

NOVEMBER 29, 1902 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

The Brazen Calf
By James L. Ford

The Pot of Gold
By William Allen White

When Parlow Went a-Steamboating
By Willis Gibson

The Pit
By Frank Norris

Peter Fountain

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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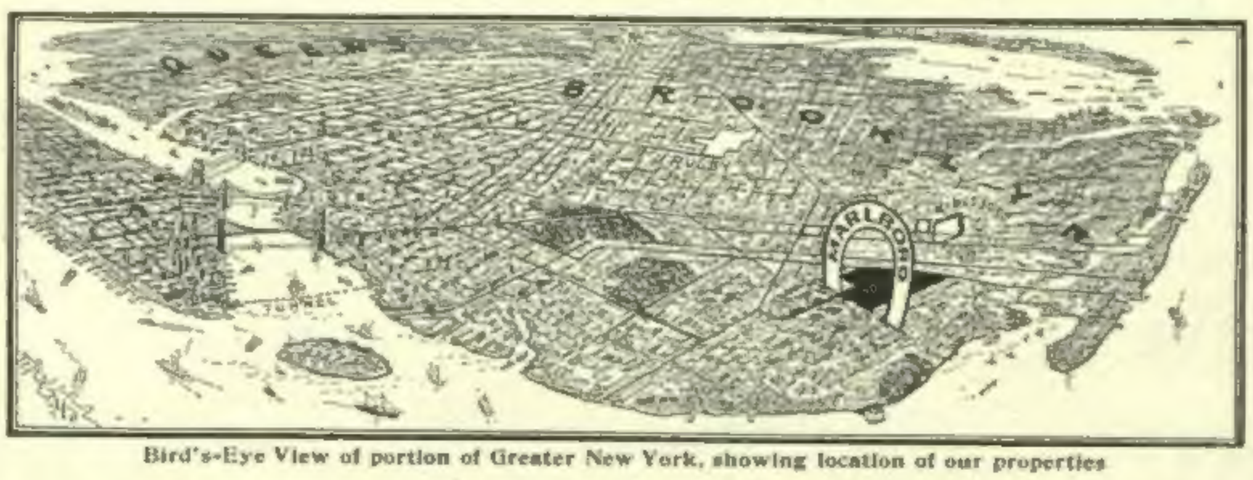

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The Worship of the Brazen Calf

EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM IS TRYING TO CREATE A FALSE IMPRESSION

By JAMES L. FORD

AN EVENING IN THE NICKEL-PLUSH HOTEL—WHAT THE BILLINGS GIRLS SAW AT THE SHRINE OF THE NAMELESS IDOL

A LITTLE more than thirty years ago there began in this country that extraordinary exodus of "plain people" from the house of bondage, in which they ate pie for breakfast and did their own housework, through the Red Sea of the "hired girl" and the wilderness of the fried beefsteak. That latter-day Moses, the Centennial Exposition, smote the dry rock of an untutored decorative taste and straightway there gushed forth a stream of Eastlake furniture, dadoes, friezes, plaques, ginger jars covered with postage stamps, parlor easels, portières and cozy corners.

And when they were almost within sight of the promised land of good society they fashioned for themselves a brazen calf and prostrated themselves before it in idolatrous worship.

It is easy enough to comprehend the worship of the golden calf which was begun by the Israelites and is carried on at the present day by every human race and in every quarter of the globe. It may at least be said of this graven image that it is possessed of actual money value itself and typifies real wealth and worldly power. The brazen calf, on the contrary, stands for nothing and is worth nothing, and its worship can only be compared to that bucolic faith in the cube of baser metal thinly gilded, which is one of the unsolved problems of modern psychology. And as it is considered ill bred to mention a rope in the home of a murderer or horse-thief, or a gold brick in the presence of a farmer who has just returned from his annual fall trip to New York, so is it forbidden to call the brazen calf by name to its worshipers. One may speak of it indeed, but always in ambiguous phrase like "style" or "the thing" or what "they" say or do, for the calf, like any other king, uses the plural pronoun. Indeed, such common expressions as "They're wearing longer coats than ever this winter" or "They serve cheese with the salad nowadays" are merely thinly veiled allusions to the brazen calf.

Some People Who Make the Nickel-Plush Pay

Women are, of course, the chief supporters of this fetish, for they are natural-born worshipers, but the number of men who have made open or private confession of their faith within recent years is surprisingly and appallingly large; and, strange as it may seem, the worship of the real social and money power is not nearly so fervid, self-abasing and widespread as is that of what is, after all, the mere shadow of wealth, a little of the glare reflected from a society that at its best is none too splendid or sure of its own footing.

In New York, which is to these latter-day idolators what the city of Mecca is to the Eastern fanatic, or Rome to the devout children of its Church, the brazen calf has many sanctuaries, but none in which the incense burns more profusely or which attracts a greater number of pious and awestruck pilgrims than the Nickel-Plush Hotel, a shrine whose influence is felt from one end of the country to the other. To this hostelry, which is of enormous size and gaudily decorated, come pilgrims from near and far, some to remain and spend their money, others only to wander, round-eyed and open-mouthed, through its corridors, to peep into its restaurant and ballroom, sometimes to drink a cup of tea, but almost invariably to write a letter on its gilt-lettered stationery. Every one of these pilgrims believes this to be the veritable holy of holies of wealth and fashion, and most of them feel that by entering its portals they place themselves in some way on a plane of equality with those members of the "four hundred" whose names they have seen in the newspapers and whom they regard as the intimate court circle attached to the sacred person of the calf. Firmly do they believe—these credulous ones—that the men and women whom they see strolling arrogantly through the corridors, feasting in the restaurant, drinking in café and tea-room and lolling on leather-cushioned settees, constitute that mysterious, awful force known to them only as "they" who wear coats longer than ever and serve cheese with the salad. And this, too, despite the fact that they who swarm in and out through the great swinging doors of the Nickel-Plush and pervade its eating-rooms and corridors, may be numbered by the thousands, whereas, according to the chief tenets of the creed of the brazen calf, there are not more than four hundred of the elect all told. Who, then, are the others? Let us analyze this great human mass and reduce it to its constituent parts, and we shall see what we shall see.

The first discovery that awaits the scientific investigator is that the whole swarm is inflated with pretense and presumption, and an overweaning, all-pervading madness to appear richer and more important and more highly-placed in the world than actual circumstances will warrant. First of all, then, let us strip off this false pretense and vainglorious boasting, and, although we reduce the mass to one-tenth its original size, we have a residuum which can be easily classified.

The tall man with the iron-gray mustache, who wears a frock coat of black broadcloth and a wide felt hat, and talks with a Southern drawl, may be found almost any afternoon or evening either in the café or its adjacent corridor, though he eats and sleeps in a modest boarding-house. He is here in the interest of a band of Western sharpers—they figure in his conversation as "the syndicate"—who own a richly salted mine and believe that he is on intimate terms with the leading capitalists of New York. He has already scraped acquaintance with a dozen or more of men who also frequent the café and corridors, and who have made him believe that they are possessed of great wealth. They in their turn believe that he is a mining expert and the owner of claims of fabulous value. He talks learnedly of "placers" and "leads" and "pay dirt," and they listen to him with an interest that is similar to that which he displays when they talk with airy lightness about "flyers" in Wall Street or the millions "dropped" by this man or that of their acquaintance, at the same time bandying the names of the great financiers of the town with a careless ease that almost takes his breath away. If a single man in this group had any real money in his possession it is probable that a great deal of business would be transacted on the spot. The trouble is, however, that each and every one of them is trying to create a false impression. They all have something to sell and not one of them is in a position to buy.

At half-past seven in the evening the head waiter in the restaurant makes such a low obeisance before the Billingses—father, mother and two daughters—that the other diners look up with an interested stare and say to themselves: "Surely this must be the real thing."

Mr. Billings is a small, pudgy and important-looking man of sixty who wears his beard in a style that reminds us of the late Mr. Florence in his rôle of "Bardwell Slote." Mrs. Billings wears her white hair in a fashion calculated to add to her height, and her daughters are always in conspicuous evening dress. All three women wear so many jingling ornaments that a blind man can readily note their approach. The daughters look arrogantly at the other diners, and the father and mother hold themselves so straight that they may be said, in maritime parlance, to "rake aft." Their faces soften as their eyes rest longingly on a table at which are seated three men and two women who seem to be objects of much solicitude to the other diners.

A Social Climb via a Shoeshop

The Billingses occupy one of the most expensive suites in the hotel and are busy spending some of the money that Billings has made out of the town that has sprung up on what was once his cattle ranch. They are greatly envied by a certain showy and superior-looking woman to whom they bow eagerly as they pass and whom they envy in turn.

"Worth millions and not satisfied because they're not in society," says the showy woman to the man with whom she is dining. "They dropped five hundred in my shop last week and they're coming again. They've an idea—and I don't disabuse them of it, either—that they may meet some society women there and eventually get in themselves."

"I do think she's the most stylish-looking woman in New York," says the oldest of the Billings girls. "I suppose she gets it from associating with the four hundred folks all the time. Look, Papa, that's Mrs. Nervine Holdup, the society shoemaker. Ever since she lost her millions she's been making shoes for the four hundred. She charges awful prices, but if you don't wear her shoes you're nobody in society. She told me so herself. Why, you have to make an appointment two days in advance to be measured, and you have to order at least a dozen pairs of shoes and slippers or she won't pay any attention to you."

"So they expect to get into society by way of your shoeshop," says Mr. Holdup to his wife. "Well, my dear," he adds cynically as he helps himself to another glass of the wine that the Billingses and their kind have paid for, "wasn't that about the way that you got in yourself?" And they both laugh.

There is a slight bustle and craning of necks as a young man with large, dark eyes, who appears to have sedulously

Editor's Note—This is the first of three papers on the social shams of New York City.

cultivated a faint facial resemblance to Edwin Booth, walks slowly and pensively across the room and seats himself at a table by the window. Many of the women glance at him with looks of undisguised interest and admiration, while others beckon to the waiters and furtively ask his name. He is an actor who veils his slender talents under such a mask of pretense and self-consciousness that he has contrived to impose on the credulity of certain people of the class that are influenced by external and extraneous circumstances. At present he is out of an engagement, not, as his admirers assert, because his art is "far above the heads of the people," but because he is an atrociously bad actor.

The Billingses are gazing admiringly at a stout, florid-faced man who has just rolled up to the door of the Nickel-Plush in a handsomely appointed landau and is one of the regular patrons of the restaurant. To the untutored eye he seems to be a man of the greatest distinction, for the head waiter and his subordinates address him by name and a bottle of a certain high-priced brand of champagne is brought to him with his soup. The Billings girls firmly believe that he is a member of the four hundred, for they have seen him everywhere—at theatre and opera, in the grandstand at the race track, in his box at the Horse Show, in his landau on Fifth Avenue and in Central Park, and in his private hansom by night, generally accompanied by handsomely dressed women, and invariably prodigal in his expenditures. It would be a hard matter to convince them or any of their kind that this florid-faced, overfed man was not actually one of the millionaires whose luxurious habits of life occupy so much space in the Sunday newspapers, yet he is nothing more nor less than a wine tout whose business it is to show himself conspicuously in the great money-wasting centres of the town, to order his own brand of wine as loudly as possible, to treat his friends and acquaintances to it while extolling its merits; in short, to do hard, health-destroying commercial work under the pretense that he is a man of fashionable leisure.

No sooner has the wine agent seated himself than a well-groomed man of middle age, who bears upon his face the marks of leisurely good living, enters the room and scans the faces of the diners through his gold-rimmed eyeglasses as if he were looking for a friend. He manages to catch the eye of the champagne man, and on a pretense of waiting for the friends with whom he is to dine, drops into a seat at his table. The Billings girls are sure that this time their eyes—which have been rolling about in their heads ever since they sat down—are fixed on a bona fide member of the four hundred, for has not the large man already offered him a glass of wine, and did he not exchange salutations with that remote, unapproachable constellation of society people that the whole room is watching? For once they are right, or nearly so. If there were such a thing as a four hundred he would belong to it, for he is an admirable specimen of one of the most pitiful human types that the town can boast of—a professionally idle man. Born of a wealthy father and a mother who was such a fool that she talked about "bringing up her son as a gentleman," this man's training in the ways of polite loaferdom began before he had left school, and, by the time his father's fortune had disappeared, he was securely on his feet as one of the most worthless, selfish and mean-spirited men that ever made a business of being a gentleman. His mother died long ago, pleased to the last that her darling had continued to be a credit to the family by keeping his hands white. With her dying breath she begged her two surviving daughters not to allow their brother to come to want, and well have they kept the sacred trust imposed upon them. To their credit be it said that they have supported him very nicely from the earnings of their typewriting office on lower Broadway, and he spends most of his time in the Nickel-Plush, bowing cordially to whomsoever is likely to be of service to him and failing to recognize those—and they are many—to whom he owes money. It is said of him that he has never spent a single cent in the house, though he is an adept in the art of sponging on others. He is still scanning the incoming crowd and wondering why his friends do not come. He will not give them up until the wine man asks him to share his dinner, and then he will set to with the hearty appetite of a man who has not tasted food since the last time he was treated.

About two-thirds of the diners in the Nickel-Plush are noticeable by reason of one striking peculiarity. They devote more attention to those about them than they do to the food before them. Many of these economize for months in order that they may eat one dinner here and then talk during another Lenten period about "the other night while we were dining at the Nickel-Plush," thus awakening in the breasts of their friends an envy that will not be sated until they, too, have eaten there. The badge of this great tribe is the roving eye, and not one of these orbs but has noted the advent of the man of leisure and admired the easy, well-bred manner with which he strolled across the room and finally dropped into the chair at the stout man's table.

And while there are hundreds of men and women who eat at the hotel without living there and thousands who haunt its public rooms without either eating or sleeping under its roof, there are others who actually lodge there and get their meals at cheap restaurants. Some of these are drummers, others are silly persons from out of town trying to make as great a show as they can for their money, and others are social parasites with such money-making schemes as Browning lectures, talks on mediæval art, palmistry, physical culture—everything, in fact, that is dependent on feminine credulity.

Every one of these cheap lodgers—and the house contains some very small and low-priced rooms—stays here for the sake of the stationery and because the Nickel-Plush is "such a good address," as they put it. It is true that once in a while the night watchman catches them cooking sausage over the gas-jet or making an omelette in the lid of a blacking-box, and they are ignominiously rebuked, but what matters that so long as they can print the magic name of Nickel-Plush on the circular that announces the series of "Talks on the Higher Ethical Culture"?

A buzz of excited whisperings runs through the tribe of the roving eye, for the much-gazed-at party at the middle table have finished their dinner and are rising to go. The place will be strangely empty and uninteresting after their departure, for they represent what passes among the ignorant and credulous as the very cream of society. Certainly their names are printed in nearly every Sunday paper that is issued in the town, and their faces are familiar at Newport and Lenox as well as here. The woman who signs the check can well afford to do so, for she is enormously rich in her own right and by marriage as well. There is no trouble between her and her husband, but it is believed that if they saw one another oftener than once a year incompatibility would soon furnish just cause for separation. She is unlettered, loud and selfish, but at least she is not making any pretense of being other than what she is. The woman with her stands toward her in the relation of what Becky Sharp called a "sheep dog," and receives her pay in cast-off clothes and an occasional check. The three men have neither money, wit nor good breeding, but they are great favorites in certain very noisy and well-advertised circles. One of them is considered very amusing indeed. Last summer he blacked his face and sat down at the table with the deliciously witty observation that he was Booker Washington, and if he had been able to carry the resemblance as far as his brain the impersonation would have proved a genuine surprise. Not one of these men does a stroke of honest work the year round, but by some means known to themselves they all contrive to make a living out of their social connection.

These be thy gods, O Israel—these gamblers, wine touts and society (Heaven save the mark!) tradespeople; these Western wolves and Wall Street sharks; these dead-beats and bankrupts who can only keep afloat by clinging to the skirts of a society whose fitting symbol is the meretricious, cheap, shiny calf of molten brass. These be thy gods, O Israel! It is for this vainglorious multitude that thy people of the latter-day exodus have stripped themselves of the jewels of righteousness and the pure gold of decent tradition and self-respect, and fashioned for themselves this pitiful idol.

I declare that there is not in the whole country such an exhibition of snobbery, pretense and sordid greed as this one which may be seen of all men in this hallowed temple of the brazen calf.

Romancing Backward—By Hayden Carruth

'Sdeath!"

'Twas our hero who thus spoke. As he did so he came from the door of the cabin and gazed sadly up Fifth Avenue. Then suddenly he flung himself back in at the door of the rude structure.

"Sweet lady, send me not forth so!" he cried, addressing a fair maid who sat on a candle-box by a rough pine table.

"Godfrey Saint-Constance," said the girl, slowly raising a pair of great, dark, liquid eyes—"Godfrey Saint-Constance, what is the month?"

"An I have not lost my skill at dates and suchlike bookishness as was forced upon me by the good monks, my teachers at Harvard, 'tis the month of November, 1902."

"Even so, Godfrey Saint-Constance. Thou knowest that my father is a poor man. He hath not in the world above $2,500,000. Thou knowest, too, of the rich match he purposeth for me in February with Master Humphrey À Becket, president of the Leather Shoestring Trust. Only this morn he swore 'twas necessary to prop the family fortunes. But one thing there is which he will take in place of gold. 'Tis Glory. Go, fetch hither Glory, Godfrey Saint-Constance!"

Rosamond Fitzgeoffrey stood up beside the candle-box, her cheeks crimson and her eyes flashing.

"By my halidome!" cried Godfrey Saint-Constance, laying his hand on the butt of his six-shooter, which he wore after the manner of the day in a belt at his side—"By my halidome, but I were a varlet an I did not do it! 'Sdeath, I go."

Godfrey Saint-Constance stood gazing from the tent opening. The fierce tropical sun poured down from the zenith. He was in the Philippines. The President had granted our hero's request, just as they madly swung around Baltimore on that memorable morning, by appointing him a Brigadier General in the regular army. "Egad," he murmured, turning back into the tent, "here will I win glory! 'Sdeath! Hist! who comes here?"

The famous General Buffalo Bill entered with an aide. "General Saint-Constance," he said, the dark brow of the stern old warrior darkening, "a hard, cold duty awaits us. Alackaday!"

Our hero saluted his superior officer and said:

"Odszookers! General Bill, an war were ever a game for my lady's parlor then am I no Christian."

"Thou speakest truth, by the mass!" replied the grizzled officer. Then, in a loud voice: "Bring in the prisoner, varlets!"

Two private soldiers entered with a man about sixty years of age between them. He was above the medium height, with a full, high forehead, snowy hair, a fresh, ruddy complexion and a well-kept mustache. Drawing himself up he folded his arms and gazed at General Bill with a haughty, disdainful mien.

"Thou gadling, I have found thee out," said the General in a deep, rumbling voice. "By the Hill of San Juan, thou shalt pay the penalty!"

"Odsbodikins!" cried the old man shrilly, but with wonderful calmness; "touch but a hair of my head and I give thee my word thou shalt smart for it!"

"Thou art a member of a Congressional Committee sent out here to pick and pry into the doings of the army," returned General Bill, scarce opening his lips. "I will make an example of thee!"

The old man returned his gaze unflinchingly. "Rush to thy destruction an thou wilt," he said; "thou hast had thy warning."

General Bill bent forward. "What State are you from?" he hissed.

"Kentucky!" The old man's voice rang clear as a bell.

General Bill started and paused. He drew himself back, threw up his head, and in a voice which seemed to shake the very ground he thundered:

"The water-cure for him!"

The soldiers moved closer to the prisoner. The aide slipped out of the tent. For the first time the old man visibly paled. "Welladay, odspitikins, odsfish, odslife, odssnoopersnumps!" he murmured tremulously to himself.

The next moment the aide returned with a tumbler of clear, cold water, and held it before the prisoner. He shuddered, looked at it with a wild, unnatural gleam in his sunken eyeballs, took it, drew himself up to his fullest height, and raised it to his lips. Slowly the bottom of the glass rose higher and higher. Just as the last drop of water disappeared a gleam of brilliant red lit up the tent as the facets of the cut sides and bottom of the glass flashed forth the glow within; then the glass was shattered in a thousand fragments on the table and the old man fell heavily to the ground. "Bear him away!" roared General Bill, at the same time sinking into the arms of our hero, overcome with his emotion.

It was a day of triumph in the quaint old city of New York. Down Fifth Avenue a mighty procession was passing, while thousands of people crowded steps, windows and roofs of the queer little boxlike stone structures which our poor but hardy ancestors contrived to live in. Thousands of other people packed the sidewalks. On the reviewing stand in a little open corner, called in that day Madison Square, sat the President and half a hundred other dignitaries. But in front of all, seated in a rich chair, was the peerless lady, Rosamond Fitzgeoffrey. There was a deafening blare of trumpets and a mounted guard dashed by, wheeled and stood like statues. The trumpets ceased, and in the dead silence a triumphal car drawn by twoscore milk-white horses drew slowly up. From it stepped Godfrey Saint-Constance. Bowing low he took from his brow a wreath of laurels and laid it at the feet of Rosamond Fitzgeoffrey.

"What bringest thou?" said the lady almost coldly.

"Glory!" answered Godfrey Saint-Constance proudly.

"How so? What proof?"

Godfrey Saint-Constance turned slightly and motioned with his hand. A man in chains stepped forward and knelt.

"Fair lady, behold him that I subdued in single combat and brought to thee my captive—Generalissimo Fred Funston, the mighty leader of the Filipinos!"

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The accompanying extracts are from the advance sheets of The Red Days of Old, an historical romance of the present day by Ernest Piker Gobang, to appear A. D. 2052. Mr. Gobang nobly supports in faithful accuracy of detail and sympathetic insight into the atmosphere of the times the best traditions of our historical school. His work is another demonstration of the old saying that the true teacher of history is romantic fiction.

A Tenderfoot on Thunder Mountain

THE POT OF GOLD

By William Allen White

AN EXPOSED ORE LEDGE ON BIG CREEK

IF A MAN, apparently sane, should come back from a journey and declare that there is really something in the story about a pot of pure gold being found at the foot of the rainbow, averring that he had been to the foot of the rainbow and had seen with his own eyes and felt with his own hands the pot of gold, and had brought pieces of the gold home and had them satisfactorily assayed, other men would tap their foreheads, or smile, or shrug their shoulders. So, before deponent goeth further with the true tale of the pot of gold, he feels it but just to warn his readers that he is not a mining expert, that he doesn't know gold-bearing ore from Tennessee marble except as he pans it or roasts it, that he has had no mining experience other than that acquired in purchasing haphazard in the open market a few ounces of worthless Cripple Creek stock in the days before values there became definite and certain; and, further and finally, that all affiant knows of mines is that they are damp, black holes which make many men poor and a few men disgustingly rich. What the subscriber hereto has learned ordinary men may learn who use their eyes and legs and hands; and wherever he has been fooled, if he has been fooled, the ordinary mortal might also be deceived, no matter how he questions or doubts or discredits the evidence of his senses. Things that shall be hereinafter set down are written only after having been discounted forty per cent. and run through the wringer of two months' absence from the foot of the rainbow, so that the sap of enthusiasm might be pressed out of the narrative. It seems only fair to set forth this prefatory warning, for the account that follows will sound so improbable that the readers may think it was dashed off by a man under a spasm of excitement, surrounded by the agencies which made him daft. With this introduction the account of gold discoveries in the Big Creek district, Thunder Mountain, Idaho, may proceed.

Gold mines and gold prospects on Thunder Mountain proper are located in porphyry reefs and intrusive dikes of talc. These reefs and dikes occur in steep, dust-covered hills, soft in outline and about three thousand feet above the gulches about them. The ore is found free in porphyry or talc, with little quartz and few crystals. It is a comparatively low-grade ore, but is found in large streaks and pockets, and seems to be running richer in values as the tunnels go in, for the gold appears to be coming from below, rather than to be a sedimentary deposit. This is a brief repetition of what has been written in a former paper, but it is necessary to understand the formation at Thunder Mountain to appreciate that part of the district known as Big Creek.

Big Creek, situated a dozen or so miles west of Thunder Mountain, is a ledge country. The hills slant more perpendicularly on Big Creek, and there are crags and cliffs and great bluffs a thousand feet high and nearly straight up. When one crosses Snow-slide Summit coming west from Thunder Mountain the character of the country changes. From Snow-slide Peak twenty-five miles west one finds a rough country. The trail is a hard trail, over "down" timber, across great ledges, into yawning cañons, and along narrow "hog-backs." For two years the gold hunters have been coming through this country hurrying into Thunder Mountain. This year some one stopped and began to look at the ledges, and early in September the real value of the ledges became known to a few mining men outside of the hills.

The Big Creek territory is about twenty-five miles long and, so far as has been explored, fourteen miles wide. In this area a mineral belt may be traced as plainly as the track of a cloud. It does not require special training in mineralogy to trace this belt. Any man who is willing to use his eyes and his legs and an ore sack and a sample pick may know as much about the country as the best mining expert. For here Nature has exposed her wealth with the most wanton carelessness. All one has to do to make a surface examination of the country is to go down Smith Creek, Logan Creek, Government Creek, Big Creek or Profile, and climb from the cañon to the hills above, use a sample pick on the ledges, put the specimens in an ore sack, and at night roast the day's pickings. If bubbles of gold come out on the ore there is gold in the ledge from which it came. If the gold does not bubble out—the question is open for debate.

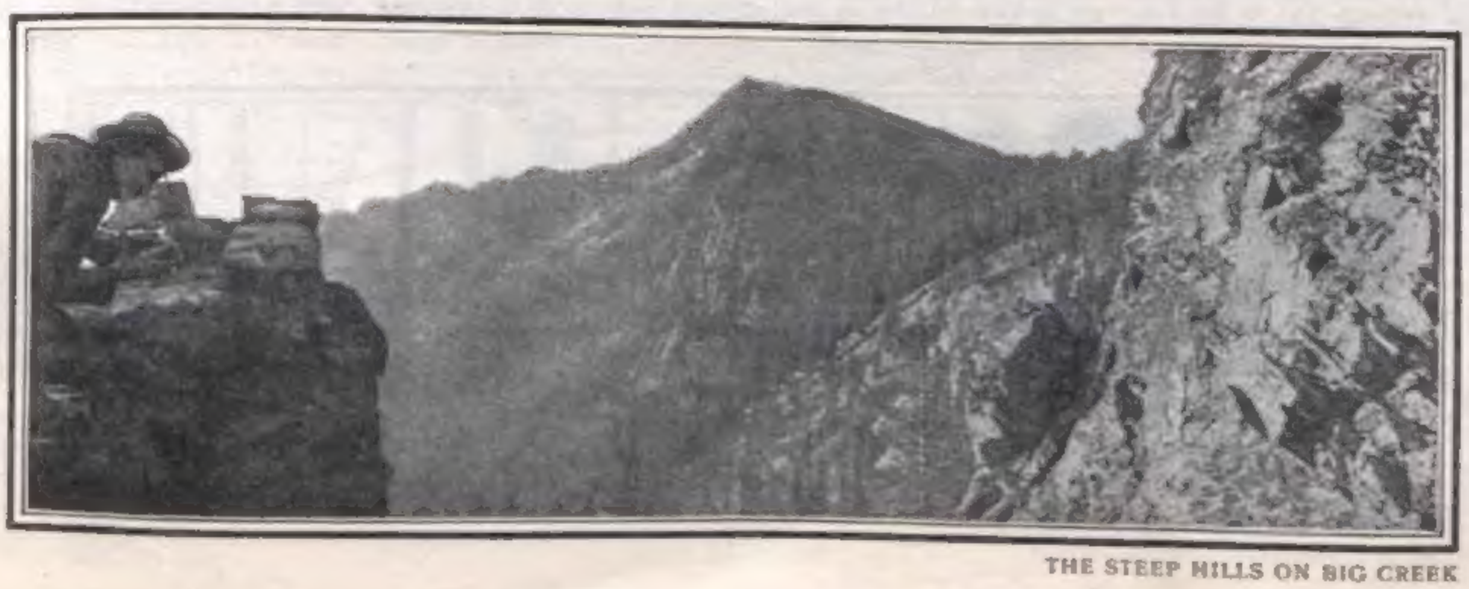
In the Big Creek country there are perhaps a dozen outfits this winter doing development work on prospects. All these outfits are developing properties located by experienced mining men. There is no hit-or-miss about the situation. A typical camp is that of the Empress group. It was located by a prospector who has been in the Idaho hills a dozen years. The Empress group is owned by some New York capitalists who represent one of the most important industrial combinations in the mining world. These people have put up a group of cabins and have employed a force of men to dig tunnels into the mountain on their claims, and if the present indications continue, next summer a town called Empress will be located there and a great mine opened up. The word great is used here for the following reasons: Back of the cabins of the Empress outfit is a ledge. It is eight hundred feet high, and is exposed most of the way up. It is about seventy-five feet broad. The writer went up that ledge, pick in hand, and broke off bits from the solid rock at random every ten or twenty yards, with no one to suggest where to hit the pick. When that rock was put in the fire three pieces out of five showed gold. In one of the tunnels he broke a piece of ore at random from the vein, and it came out of the fire speckled with gold. This ledge is traceable along the hill for a mile, and across the gulch the same ledge may be traced with the eye, and the same test of the pick and the fire may be made. That ledge is also about eight hundred feet high and about seventy-five feet wide on an average, and is part of the Empress property. It runs back over half a mile. Now the assays show that the ore in this mountain contains gold and silver and copper in merchantable quantities. If the ore values are shown by the tunnel workings this winter to run far into the mountain, the Empress group will be a great mine.

It is either that or nothing. It may not be the greatest mine in the world, for there are other mines in the Big Creek district as great and one or two that seem to promise even greater things. H. L. Hollister, a New York capitalist, is working a property called the Werdendorf, which is greater than the Empress. Hollister also has the Glasgow, and the Dundee, and the Hand, and the Passold, and the Lucas group, any of which is as good as the Empress.

PROSPECTORS ON A BIG CREEK LEDGE

At each of these mines there is a mining crew, and work is going on day and night pushing the tunneling. Each of these mines is located on a great ore-bearing ledge. The ledge in the Glasgow runs over a hundred feet wide in places and is as high as the ledge of the Empress. The ore is found in broad veins of quartz that run through the ledges and are exposed in scores of places on the face of the cliff. Sometimes oxidization has removed the gold from the surface, but a chunk of dynamite will lay bare rock that is rich in gold and silver, and in several of the prospects they have found nickel and antimony. The Franklin group, owned by J. J. Shelby, of the P. I. & N. Railroad, is another ledge mine and one of the best. There is reason to believe that Colonel Dewey, of the famous Dewey mine on Thunder Mountain, now has a large interest in the Hand property, which is controlled by H. L. Hollister and the New Yorkers.

It is a curious fact that none of these properties is in the hands of the prospector who uncovered it. The reason for this is simple. The Thunder Mountain country is not a poor man's country. Mining there is expensive. Food for an outfit eight months costs more than the prospector can pay. The gold of Big Creek is not free gold, as a rule, and requires expensive machinery for its treatment. This machinery may not be purchased on credit, with the mine as security, because the expense of getting the machinery into the country would cost almost as much as the machinery itself, and the danger of losing or breaking important parts of the machinery in transporting it over the hills on pack-horses is too great for the transaction to remain an ordinary risk, and no supplying house would take it. A mine which seems to be one of the world's big mines is of no particular value to a poor man, except as he can sell it. Then it is worth just what he can get for it and no more. For, until the railroad comes in, this whole Thunder Mountain country will be a rich man's



THE STEEP HILLS ON BIG CREEK

country. The Dewey people have a little stamp mill and ship their gold out in bricks. Other little stamp mills may come in next year, as the winter's work seems to justify them. But to ship ore out of the country by pack-train—even the richest ore—would be folly, and would eat up the profits of a first-class mine. When the railroad comes the poor man may come and find his fortune, for the country has hardly been scratched. There are miles of country where no man has struck a pick. The prospect of finding a mine—and a great one—will be almost as good a year or two years from now as it is to-day, if the railroad is delayed that long. For the mineralized area is comparatively vast. Cripple Creek—to revert again to comparisons to show the magnitude of the Thunder Mountain country—is mineralized over an area of seven by three and one-half miles. And Cripple Creek was prospected for a year with profitable results after the railroad got in. It was considered a big camp, and is the greatest gold camp in America to-day. But the Thunder Mountain country is now known to be mineralized, and properties are now being developed showing remarkable values, over an area of fifty by fourteen miles. A strike was made October 10, twenty-five miles east of Thunder Mountain, by J. G. Hall and T. H. McKinney, of Seattle. The Werdendorf and the Glasgow and the Dundee are twenty-five miles west of Thunder Mountain. The Hall-McKinney strike is on Deadwood Creek and the ore-bearing ledge is four hundred feet wide, and the assay is said to run over $200 to the ton on an average. It is like the Big Creek ore, and seems to prove that the mineralized country extending through Central Idaho in ledges—except in the small area where the porphyry reefs prevail on Thunder Mountain—may become one of the world's great mining districts. In October, E. J. Sencerbox, the postmaster of Roosevelt, opened a property on the south fork of Monumental Creek, exactly similar to that found on Big Creek and Deadwood Creek. The south fork is south of Thunder Mountain, and indicates that this quartz-vein ledge country extends through from Profile to Deadwood Creek like a band of gold. Probably the west boundary of the belt does not stop at Profile Creek, for within the last two weeks authentic strikes have been reported four miles west of the head of Profile Creek in the Yellow Pine Basin. In one of the ledges pure quicksilver was found, and the property was sold to some New York people for $300,000 after two experts had passed upon it. Similar prices have been paid for the other properties above named, some have brought a trifle more, and some less. But as buyers are few, and as the country is inaccessible, and as an expert can't be hired to take the trip in and report for less than a thousand dollars, and from that up to five thousand, the prospectors have to take what they can get.

Prices are absurdly low, if there is anything in the mines at all but surface indications. The writer has talked to half a dozen experts who have come into the country for other people and who have no interest in the district; some of these experts have advised their clients to invest; others have made adverse reports owing to the inaccessibility of the country and the limited capital of their clients. But without exception these men say that the gold is there, and that it is found in quantities that will make men rich whenever the railroad comes. The lowest estimate as to the value of these ore ledges was that the ledges from wall to wall—and remember that means veins from thirty to one hundred feet wide—will run from $6 to $15 to the ton; and that with concentrators the ledges from wall to wall could be made to turn out concentrates that would average $50 to the ton. When one stops to figure up the immense tonnage that will come from a property like the Glasgow, for instance—an average Big Creek ledge—it makes one doubt the result of his figuring. The tonnage covers the entire ledge, six hundred feet tall and sixty feet wide and over half a mile long; these Big Creek ledges, if they do not fail as the work goes in, which is unlikely, will make the business of gold mining one of manufacture rather than of hazard. If there is anything in these ledges, if we are not all fooled—prospectors, experts, assayers, investors and tenderfeet—or if we are not all lying, which is to be considered also in this connection—then the proposition of running a mine on a Big Creek ledge is simply one of getting machinery into the country which will turn this mountain of ore into metal. This sounds crazy, and it is crazy if it isn't the sober truth. There is no middle ground. Either the ore is there by the mountainful or it isn't there at all.

PARTY ENTERING ROOSEVELT

This will be proved by the winter's work, and if the fact is shown that the mountains are ore clear through there will be no difficulty about getting railroads into the country. There are two or three well-known water-grades to Roosevelt and to Big Creek that may be followed by crossing only two divides, and the divides are not high. The greatest elevation in the whole country is less than ten thousand feet, and the average ridge is less than seven thousand feet. There are no engineering problems so puzzling as those at Georgetown, Colorado, or at Glorietta Pass, Arizona. The Oregon Short Line and the Northern Pacific have sent engineers into the country, and when the spring opens, if the news from the mines justifies it, one or both of those roads will have men at work pushing a line into the district. And when the railroads get in there will be no great trouble to keep them running; for, though it is a snow country, it is not a windy country, and though the snow is deep it does not drift. The engineers will have to build away from the region of snow-slide and will have to make their bridges strong, for the mountain torrents are vicious in the spring, but those drawbacks are as nothing compared with the business that awaits the railroads if the mines prove themselves worthy. For no road pays as an ore-carrying road does, and with these great hills to haul away the railroads will be rushed for many years to come. One is tempted to speculate and dabble in the pool of prophecy about the impetus these mines may give to the settlement of the great Northwest; one is almost ready to compare the future of Idaho with the present of California; for Idaho is a State of most wonderful soil and natural resources; but to yield to the impulse of fancy is folly. There is such a big and cumbersome "if" in the road that it would crush the most commodious castle in the air: *If* the mines prove worthy. The mere fact of probability, however strong, should not cause a rush to the country till June, when everything to be known will be known, and when the highway is fairly safe. For the Thunder Mountain trail in March and April and May is as hard and dangerous as the trail to the Klondike. And if there should be a big rush into the country in the early spring, before horses can get in with supplies, hundreds of men will be facing the hard, unsympathetic fate of famine. All the gold in the world will not buy food on Thunder Mountain when it once runs out; for the game has been chased back into the hills, and the deer and bear which were abundant two years ago now are scarce. Grouse and fool-hens are not so plentiful as they were, and the woods in spring are as barren as the desert of any other food than game. In all the Big Creek district there is not a shelter for man or beast save in the dozen miners' cabins that will be filled this year before the winter shuts out the world. The man who goes into the country before June must go prepared to live on what he can carry on his back. And twenty pounds goes a short distance and grows ten pounds heavier every twenty miles. A bed and a month's food supply is all a seasoned mountaineer can carry. A tenderfoot should try to carry only his bed.

AT THE EMPRESS TUNNEL

There are men on these mountainsides who face dangers, and suffer hardship, and endure privations, and yet they have come to look upon their life as a good life to live. One of these men is J. M. Crown, the prospector, whom they call "old man Crown" out there. All his life has been spent in the mountains. He is a tall, lank Vermonter, tawny skinned, straight as an Indian, with a body long from the hips up—like a bear's—and with big animal eyes that are as honest as the sunlight. He has the gentle taciturnity of men who live apart from the world, and he seems to boil his words and phrases down in a simmering kettle of reflection before using them. Many mountaineers and plainsmen who work alone have this habit of deliberate speech. Often the boiling process puts the tang of epigram on what they say, but with the old man Crown it merely puts the stamp of sincerity into his words. He has just sold his mine—the Empress group—for $100,000. The mine is worth millions or nothing; $100,000 is a neat sum, and for ten years Crown has lived alone in the mountains, working like a slave, going for weeks in the winter without seeing a human face, and toiling all day in his tunnel. One would fancy that when a man who has worked as Crown has worked got $100,000 he would quit, but Crown is laying in provender for another winter's work. He is going to open a new prospect hole. Some one asked him:

"Why don't you quit, Mr. Crown, and go down to Boise and enjoy your money? You've got enough, haven't you?"

Crown looked across the gulch at the moon rising over the mountain, and then chewed a twig before replying. Finally he said: "Yes, yes;" a pause and a long gaze into the fire. "But it isn't money I'm working for. I like it." He smiled and looked at us all. "I kind of like the mountains—and ——" The old man looked at the ground with a self-deprecatory smile, half

ANY COLOR?

ashamed to make his confession. "Well, you see it's my business. Should a man quit his business just because he makes a little money at it?" Crown doesn't want a million dollars; he doesn't care for an automobile, nor to have his picture in the papers. He is willing to get along without seeing Weber & Fields and knowing about Mary MacLane. The spell of the mountains is upon him and the joy of his work for the sake of his work is in his heart. It has lifted him above his work—above the mire of it; it has put the gentleman's angle in his chin and made men defer to him. He knows the rocks of these hills, how the veins dip and drift, how the ledges play hide-and-seek across cañons, and how God made the mountains. Everything is in the viewpoint; certainly this prospector has as much right to be proud of his profession as an artist or an author or a stockbroker is of his. And Crown has the simple courage to let money go, and the things money will buy, which take him from his work.

The best-known mining expert who has been in the Thunder Mountain country is H. H. Hunter, of Seattle. He came in representing a group of New York capitalists with whom he has been connected for several years on a salary. In a letter to his clients, which, by the way, has never before been printed, he sums up the situation thus:

"My first visit to the Thunder Mountain section was made early in May, this year, at a time when snow in a measure prevented systematic work or investigation, and owing to my inability to obtain admission to the underground workings of the Dewey mine—the only property that had been developed to any extent—I was obliged to come away with what information I could glean from a superficial surface examination and that vouchsafed by their superintendent's statement 'that the members of the company were satisfied with what they had and cared nothing for the outside public.' An inference could of course be drawn two ways from this statement. The country was, however, interesting, presenting many geological features new to the average man, and the fact that gold could be obtained by pan tests from the surface led me to the opinion that the section was well worthy of development, but in no way justified the boom articles written about it.

"Later and more careful examinations showed me that from Warrens, Idaho, to the top of what is known as Elk Summit, and extending northerly and southerly, is a practically uninterrupted belt of granite. In the vicinity of Warrens several apparently valuable fissure veins are now under process of development, and I am informed are holding their own both in size and value as depth is obtained. On crossing Elk Summit it does not need an experienced eye to know you are in a country full of wonderful mineral possibilities.

"The veins are large, occurring on the contacts of granite and slate, quartzite and slate, slate and porphyry, and quartzite and lime. These veins can be, or rather have been, traced on this trend through the country for at least twelve miles, and though it seldom happens that a vein is ore-bearing for its entire length, in no instance coming under my observation, from the head of Profile Creek across the heads of Big Creek, Logan Creek, Government Creek, Smith Creek and Beaver Creek, where development work is being done, has the ore failed to show phenomenal values in gold and silver. In fact, on the two extreme ends of the belt as so far demonstrated, the Hollister properties on Profile and Smith Creeks, ore assaying from $300 to $400 per ton in gold and silver, and in apparently large bodies, is being encountered. A system of east and west cross veins cutting the formations in many instances also show high values; in 3000 feet in length on the Werdendorf properties no less than twenty-four cross veins already having been opened up, all carrying more or less value. When it is realized that these veins are simply feeders to an immense outcrop of ore in many instances 200 feet wide, and that, owing to the ruggedness of the country, hundreds of feet of depth can be obtained by tunnels, thus doing away for years with expensive pumping plants, also that the country is abundantly watered for power and covered with a dense growth of timber for mining purposes, insuring

(Continued on Page 18)

When Parlow Went a-Steamboating

By WILLIS GIBSON

A HAPPENING OF THE GREAT LOW-WATER WHEN THE UNDER-BOOKKEEPER TURNED THE COMPANY'S PILOT

PERPETUALLY the Mississippi beckons to the youths upon its banks. And few are there among them who do not, sooner or later, to a greater or less degree, fall smitten of the notion to go a-steamboating—a state of mind which the old heads dub river fever.

Abner Parlow, contrary to rule, was called late in life.

So far as his first thirty years are concerned, this is little to be wondered at. For every day of that period he passed—clerking in a general store after his sixteenth birthday—a good hundred miles from the big river, in White Church, a sound-asleep, cross-roads village of Upper Iowa, where, indeed, there was no stream whatsoever, unless we except Jones Run, a shallow gully whose bed was sometimes damp after the spring thaws, and dry at all other seasons.

After so long a rustication Abner hied himself to St. Paul, reinforced a smattering of bookkeeping with a term at a business college, then chanced upon a place in the office of the Northern Rafting Company, a rather dingy ground-floor room in the heart of the commercial district.

The Northern Rafting operated a fleet of stern-wheel towboats on the Upper Mississippi, and made its business the moving of log rafts from the catch-boom at St. Paul to the down-river sawmills. The company, in addition, had one mill of its own, the Iroquois, at Winona.

Yet, oddly, Abner still held aloof from the river.

About the forming of his new connection there had been no prejudice; he would have accepted as thankfully the offer of a glue factory. In rank the lowliest of a dozen bookkeepers, an earnest little man, meek, old-fashioned, a wearer of spectacles and a skull cap, who at thirty-two could convince no one that he was a day under forty-five, he set to entering upon the company's pay-roll the names of sundry river heroes, to recording purchases made for the Mercury and the Neptune and the other greyhounds of the fleet, painstakingly but wholly without emotion. Nights he repaired to a fairly comfortable boarding-house, ate, read his evening paper, took himself to bed. He never saw any of those boats or men concerning whom he wrote, never glimpsed the Mississippi save such bits of it as were visible at the foot of the cross-streets down-town. In time he became known as a capable man, and began drawing a weekly salary of eighteen dollars. So, peaceful and content, he bade fair to go on to the end of his days.

But in his fifth year of service the company's office was moved to the twelfth floor of the Pioneer Building, hard by the river-front. Abner's desk was placed by a south-facing window.

At his very feet lay the river, the levee, the white cluster of moored steamboats. Lifting his eyes, he could look twenty miles down the valley of the Mississippi, all soft and beautiful in the warm summer sunshine. He could follow the dully gleaming channel itself as it curved grandly between the green-carpeted bluff-ranges. He could sight the steamboats way off there two hours before they reached the city. It was then Abner Parlow told himself that he had never been born for the setting down of debits and credits.

That very evening he sought the levee. A St. Louis packet was on the point of leaving; Abner looked on with unmixed admiration. Surely, he resolved, this life of the Mississippi, moving, restless, romantic, must be a fine life indeed. Though he realized limitations, he had an inkling that, should he tell one of those brawny roustabouts to "Step along, nigger," and bestir the loafer meant with a deft kick, after the manner of the packet's frowning mate, he would be going beyond his depth.

But the pilot, aloft in his roomy house, way above the noise and bustle, calm, unruffled, sweeping the landscape round, gently toying with the big wheel—that was a job worth having. To be a pilot—a St. Paul and St. Louis pilot—became Abner Parlow's life-object then and there.

—THE RIVER, THE LEVEE, THE WHITE CLUSTER OF MOORED STEAMBOATS

Just now to go about the matter, however, he was uncertain; so, in the morning, he shyly consulted Ed Price, his head bookkeeper. Now Price was a fellow who fancied himself able to turn a splitting joke at any hour of the day or night; he gravely advised Abner to lay his case before Conor, the Northern Rafting's president and manager.

To understand how good a joke this was, you must know that Dennis Conor, though Irish to his boots and a lifetime follower of the Mississippi, was a very bear, rough, irascible, unapproachable, none too scrupulous—a huge old man, nearer seventy than sixty, with a square-cut head resting heavily on prodigious shoulders, a face almost hidden beneath a shaggy beard, a pair of shrewd, restless eyes, and behind them as fine a set of business brains as was to be found in the length of the valley.

Conor put no trust in private offices; his desk sat in a well-lighted corner of the main room, in the plain sight and hearing of the whole force.

Thus, when Abner presently approached the president, his comrades, at a tip from Ed Price, fell to lagging in their work. They couldn't catch just how Abner explained himself, for his timid voice under excitement had become little better than a whisper. But nobody was left room for doubt as to how Conor regarded the proposition. Briefly, he laughed at Abner unmercifully, then told him with perfect frankness, in blistering language which threw the eavesdroppers into silent convulsions, that he lacked the youth, strength, eyes and nerve necessary in the pilot's profession.

But Abner's ambition was not to be quelled by mere words. From his window he continued to stare into the beauty of the valley, to watch the drifting smoke-clouds of far-off steamboats. Evenings, he haunted the levee, and interviewed—to no purpose—visiting steamboatmen.

By and by winter came, ice closed over the river, and swirling snows blurred Abner's wonderful outlook.

Yet in the spring he began his campaign afresh, though he went less to the levee. Conor, he decided, was the man who could help him; at long intervals he hinted clumsily—he dared not speak out again—at what was gnawing at his heart. The subject no longer held any humor for Conor; he met all of Abner's advances with black looks that sent the bookkeeper bustling about his business. So another winter came and passed with Abner no nearer a river job, and another summer and still another winter. But Abner did not forget; the fever burned hot as ever within him when the season of the great low-water arrived.

Every steamboatman of the Upper Mississippi smiles now at the mention of that year. Nobody smiled at the time, however.

There had been a phenomenal dearth of snow the winter previous. In consequence, after the ice went out in April there were no grateful spring freshets rollicking down from the north, and, shortly, for the want of them, the river began to fall an inch each twenty-four hours. After April, May passed, a month of cloudless days and sparkling nights, with scarcely a teacupful of rain through the Northwest. June was another

May, only hotter, and July another June, hotter yet. By then the Mississippi's main channel, from St. Paul to the mouth of the Missouri, had dwindled to a stupid stream little larger than that Jones Run which Abner Parlow had known at White Church. The remainder of the bed of the one-time leviathan outstretched a tract of sunbaked mud and nodding swamp grass, with here and there along the edges shallow pools of stagnant water, remnants of departed back-channels. Navigation had become a colossal puzzle, a dismal game of chance.

The majority of the rafting companies suspended operations in June, while every sawmill from Winona to Hannibal was clamoring for a share of the millions of logs which lay banked behind the St. Paul boom. But Conor, unwilling to acknowledge the river's mastery, kept on running, and even profited by the general calamity. Trip after trip he sneaked his boats around snags and rocks, slipped them over bars, drove his crews like slaves, took all manner of long chances—but delivered to the mills their logs, and smilingly collected double tariff.

In the second week of July, however, while the company's steamer Mercury, bound down with a raft for Winona, was passing Fountain City, Wisconsin, a squall, the first black cloud in weeks, broke over her. It was a very little squall—the sky was blue again in five minutes—but big enough to push the Mercury a trifle out of the shrunken channel, and before her pilot could get the upper hand of her she landed her raft on the top of a long, sticky bar, then went hard aground herself—not ten miles from her destination.

The Mercury's captain, John Munro, was every whit as hard-headed as Conor; he undertook to get free of the difficulty unaided. He gave twenty-four hours to the effort—and got the raft clear but not the steamer—then telephoned St. Paul for help. Conor started out the Venus post-haste. The way the river stood, the Venus didn't make Fountain City until the third day after the stranding. By that time there was nothing to do save inspect the Mercury from a distance, and, afterward, deliver her raft. For in the interval the water had dropped eight inches, laid bare the whole top of the long bar, and left the Mercury like a statue on a pedestal, as much out of reach as though she had rested half-way up the mountain which rises behind the city.

Because of Munro's previous vague messages the news came to Conor as a surprise. The disabling of a steamer just then meant heavy losses; immediately the president fell into an awesome rage. He declared Munro and his crew weren't fit to handle a mud-scow. He swore he'd fire them from dishwasher to captain, and that he did straightway, by telegraph.

Conor delivered himself of these comments in the presence of the office staff. He was not one of your modern business men, sedate and self-contained; when he was angry he had to tell somebody about it forthwith.

In respect to the staff his had always in the past been an empty confidence; no one there had ever ventured a peep of reply. To-day, however, in the midst of Conor's tirade, Abner Parlow came into a sudden inspiration. He fancied he saw opportunity back of the president's words. When Conor seemed to have cooled a trifle the bookkeeper walked boldly to the big desk.

"I understood you to say, Mr. Conor," Abner hazarded, "that you had discharged the crew of the Mercury."

"What of it?" snapped Conor, looking up belligerent.

"Well," stammered Abner, his confidence wrecked instantly, "that will necessitate changes—new men——"

"And what then?" Conor cut him short.

"Why—I was thinking you might be able—you would be so good, I mean—as to find me a place in the fleet. I want to learn piloting, you remember. I've spoken to you several times before——"

"Yes, man, yes, I recollect," protested Conor dryly. "It's a fine persistence you have." Suddenly his little eyes began to twinkle ominously. "Sure," he went on, "I can't find it in my heart to keep a man like you back any longer. I appoint you to the command of that fine steamer Mercury now lying at Fountain City. Master, pilot, engineer—you shall be her whole crew. But," he leaned forward and tapped Abner sharply upon the arm, "I want you particularly to see that no rascals get covetous of the furniture and fittings of that steamboat, or leave any cigar stubs in her vicinity. Get your meals at some hotel; the rest of the while stick to your boat like a leech. Your compensation will be ten dollars a week—times are very bad now on the Mississippi. You'll step into the honor to-day, if you please, and continue in it until the river rises. . . . And," he muttered into his whiskers, "when you come back maybe you'll be some good again about the office."

Abner was too much excited to comprehend that Conor had made him nothing more or less than the Mercury's watchman, too overjoyed to think of the cut in salary, or to see that the president was merely giving him a touch of rough discipline, seeking to break up an especially bothersome case of river fever. By hurrying he caught an afternoon passenger which brought him to Fountain City just after supper.

The moment he stepped from the train he located his charge. Dead, deserted and careening, perched high on her yellow sandbar, she lay fairly in front of the town-levee, some forty feet off shore. At once Abner began searching for a skiff in which to row out to her. But from a solitary youth who sat by the water's edge he learned that the stretch of smooth, brown river intervening between the levee and the Mercury was merely a back-channel, too shallow now for even a row-boat. "If the river keeps on falling," the youth dispassionately advised him, "all that'll be dry land in a day or two."

Thus it happened that Abner was compelled to lay aside dignity, shoes and socks, and wade, barefooted, to the Mercury.

But, in the end, when he floundered out of the river on to the bar, heaved his shoes and grip to the steamer's forecastle, and himself scrambled after them, and there halted for a moment, standing straight as a ramrod, one hand tucked in the breast of his coat, the other resting upon the capstan, his eyes set sternly toward a knot of people who had suddenly appeared along the levee, he vowed that the proudest hour of his life was upon him.

That night he slept soundly in the captain's stateroom, in the only bed aboard.

All through the next day he happily explored his boat.

But with the morrow his enthusiasm abated a trifle, and with each succeeding day it waned a little more. Gradually he was forced to the decision that the Mercury was by day a hot, comfortless structure, heavy with the smells of coal-dust and engine-oil, and by night a lonesome place full of weird noises: unaccountable snappings of iron and creakings of woodwork below-decks, hollow rustlings of chimney stays swaying in the breeze overhead. And undeniably there was a certain tameness attached to the command of a steamboat surrounded by dry land, with no diversion save to trudge to hotel meals across a beach of burning sand—for, by now, as Abner's youthful friend had prophesied, the falling river had entirely deserted the back-channel lying between the raftboat and the bank.

Still Abner took comfort in the thought that this was not steamboating, not the real river life. Conor, he determined, had put him there to test him. If he acquitted himself well, eventually he must come into his deserts. So patiently he waited on.

At last there was a slight diversion. Two men arrived from Winona with a note from Conor stating they were sent to paint the Mercury. From them Abner was surprised to learn that the president was at the Iroquois mill for a week, superintending some long-deferred repairs.

The painters worked with astonishing speed. On the evening of the third day of their stay, Abner, loafing about after the pair had gone to their hotel, found that, all through, the steamer was ready for her second coat of white. To treat them the easier, the men had spread out the steel lifeboat, the two skiffs, the life-floats and many more of the steamer's portable fittings upon the dry bed of the back-channel alongside. Abner noticed that these also had received their first coat.

When, shortly thereafter, he went to his stateroom—it was the night of the twenty-fifth of July, to be exact—the sky from horizon to horizon was without a flick of cloud, the stars glistened a million pin-points of white brilliance; the morrow promised to be a good day for the painters.

In the midst of most peaceful slumber Abner awoke. Then abruptly he sat up in bed listening. From without, from all around, an insistent low murmur, a dull humming as of some great machine, came to his ears. He held a match to his watch; it was midnight precisely. Puzzled, he got into his trousers, then threw open the promenade door of the stateroom. As he stepped outside he slipped and narrowly escaped a fall upon a deck reeking with wet. It was raining.

It was no gently pattering summer shower, no blaring thunderstorm, but a veritable downpour, steady, incessant, never varying a drop from one minute to the next, hurrying earthward so thick and fast that the bookkeeper could catch not a flicker of the street-lamps of Fountain City—the rains that ought to have come in May, in June, in July, all falling in a single storm. Not only was it raining the same way as far north as St. Paul, but hundreds of miles beyond. And so, too, was it raining all through the valleys of those northern feeders, the Minnesota, the St. Croix and the Chippewa.

But Abner only knew that the cold, wet night chilled him bitterly, that the drum of the storm upon land and river confused him; he was little used to being out of bed at the small hours. After blinking solemnly for a while into the gloom he crept back between his blankets.

Before long he awoke again with the hazy impression that somebody had just tried to overturn his stateroom. The darkness had begun to break up. Through the transom straggled enough light for him to read his watch; it was now half-past four. While he lay debating matters there came a second shock—there was no doubt about this one—through the boat. In great perplexity Abner dressed, stepped out on the promenade, and there stopped short, dumfounded.

The rain was still falling incessantly. Steaming warmly, it hemmed in the Mercury like a fog: the Wisconsin hills loomed a gray shadow, the high Minnesota shore was completely hidden.

But it was not the rain that so startled Abner. Overnight the famished Mississippi had come again into its own. In place of the winding channel of yesterday, the sunbaked mud fields, the nodding grass, there now outstretched a vast turbulent flood, its inky bosom bespattered with dirty yellow foam, thick with drifting wreckage: logs, tree-trunks, even whole fences.

Doubtless it had been a tree-trunk which had so shaken the Mercury a moment before; for already the freshet had covered the big sandbar, and was washing the raftboat's hull close under the main-deck guards.

Two feet of swift-running water coursed over the long-parched bed of the back-channel. Life-floats, skiffs, lifeboat—all of the fresh-painted fittings had disappeared.

Bewildered, the bookkeeper went forward and stood by the rail for a long time, vaguely speculating how he was to get his breakfast, watching overawed the endless procession of drift-stuff.

It was near half-past five when, becoming restive, he walked once more down the port promenade and took a chair there. Surveying again the back-channel, he wondered how far down the river the lifeboat and skiffs had got.

Then on a sudden he sprang to his feet.

"By gracious," he cried aloud, "what's to keep the Mercury from going the way of the skiffs?" Hurriedly he glanced forward and aft. "By gracious, nothing!" he answered himself. It was a summing-up irrefutable. When Captain Munro had quit the Mercury he had not been in the mood to tie her up. Abner, in his innocence, had never thought to make a move in that direction. So now the raftboat lay unfettered, while the rising river, already awash with her main deck, was pushing and lifting at her grounded hull more mightily with each passing minute.

Kicking aside his chair, Abner clattered downstairs to the main deck. The anchor, lying upon the forecastle, first caught his eye, and gave him hope, but only for an instant. Grappling it with both arms he could not stir it an inch.

Abandoning that effort, he next thought to string a hawser to the bank—from his haunting of the St. Paul docks he knew enough for that. Though the water was waist-deep on the back-channel it was not running very strong there as yet; wading, it would not be hard to carry a rope to the Fountain City levee. Quickly Abner selected from the half-dozen coils of line on the forecastle the heaviest, clasped it in his arms, then started down the port guard looking for a place to make the boat-end fast. He was none too soon. Half-way down the guard he felt the Mercury move perceptibly in her bed of sand. He broke into a staggering run, and way aft chose an iron ring-bolt. The hawser was fat, and stiff as a plank; Abner on his knees, tugging and straining feverishly, could do nothing with it. Again he felt the raftboat move a little. Then suddenly, to his surprise, he made the knot.

Throwing off coat and shoes, he tucked the free end of the line under one arm, then, gingerly seating himself on the edge of the guard, his feet dangling in the river, paused momentarily to get his breath before wading off. "About three minutes more," he panted, "and I'll have the Mercury tied solid. I won't be very sorry——"

Unexpectedly he left his remarks unfinished and convulsively gripped a near-by stanchion, hastily drawing his feet aboard at the same time. The Mercury was shivering violently from cutwater to fantail. Abruptly then, before Abner could make another move, she began to rise, stern-first, her bottom pulling away from the gripping sand with an odd sucking noise. With a breath-taking lurch that sent the bookkeeper's hat and spectacles into the flood, she gained the surface, rocking drunkenly.

Abner, hanging to his stanchion, noticed that a drifting cowshed had suddenly come to a standstill alongside, that Fountain City was moving northward. Then, finally, he sensed the trouble—the Mercury was afloat and running away. And in the same instant he realized that nothing was more apart from his real desires than his ambition to be a steamboater. So far as the river fever went, he had become a well man.

But though he was done with the Mississippi, the Mississippi was not done with him. As to sticking to his ship he had no choice. Once clear of the bar the Mercury had sought deep water immediately. Boats and floats were gone. Abner was no swimmer; the water had never stood long enough in Jones Run to allow the White Church lads to learn. But anyhow, though the reasons why Conor had sent him to Fountain City were now somewhat apparent to Abner's clearing brain, he had grit enough in him to want to stay by the steamboat which, joke or no joke, had been trusted to his safekeeping. And, appreciating soon enough that he could do little toward warding off disaster sprawled out like a turtle there on the guard, he rose unsteadily and raced forward, up three stairs, into the pilot-house.

From there the river looked a sea, gigantic, terrifying, bounded only by foggy rain-walls and dim outlines of spectre hills. In its midst the Mercury seemed to Abner a bit of flotsam, himself the veriest speck of insignificance. Yet desperately he sprang to the great wheel and laid hands upon its polished spokes.

Quickly he discovered that to twirl the wheel to the left meant to slew the boat's bow more or less to port, to twirl it to the right meant to turn the bow to starboard, but to his dismay he could no more control the actual course of the Mercury than he could take her back to Fountain City. A lifelong pilot at the Mercury's wheel that morning with no engines behind him would have been in dire distress. Acting at exactly the right moment, he might have coaxed the steamer on to some shelving beach. But in Abner's mind a stop stood for destruction: his one idea was to shun the shore, to keep

moving on indefinitely. And in this the Mississippi was with him. To tell the truth, Abner might as well have sat back on the visitors' bench. For the frolicsome river had no intention of giving up the Mercury yet; utterly unmindful of the bookkeeper's efforts, it was carrying the raftboat carefully upon its swollen current, safely guiding her through every turn and shift of the deep-water channel.

Abner did not remotely suspect this friendliness. Shivering, miserable, hungry, soaked with the rain that swept in through the open front of the pilot-house, staring fearfully into the mist ahead, expecting disaster in every bend, scenting a rock beneath every ripple, he stood his ground and kept on wrestling with the wheel. And often enough he sadly recalled the brisk, cheerful office of the Northern Rafting, his own well-kept desk, his quiet, orderly life. Ed Price, too, that playful joker who had laid the foundations for this inglorious ride, was much in his thoughts. Nor did he wholly forget Conor—it did seem as if the president might have chosen some kindlier scheme for showing him the error of his ways.

So, mile after mile, the Mercury drifted silently southward, lonesome, melancholy, languidly twisting and turning, colliding solemnly with floating logs and trees, sometimes carried close to one bank or the other, but never coming near to grounding, while all about the rain, interminable, still fell in monstrous volume, with the same monotonous murmur. It was like tumbling on and on through space, Abner fancied, and expecting each minute to strike bottom.

When at last the Mercury came upon a real emergency Abner was certain he had been voyaging all morning—it was in reality just half-past seven. Sweeping out of a long bend, he sighted ahead on the western, or Minnesota, shore a city which he knew for Winona, because by the river-bank at the town's northern limits stood a group of black steel-sheeted buildings upon the roof of the largest of which was painted in mammoth white letters, "Iroquois Sawmill." There was nothing especially alarming in the aspect of Winona itself; it was upon a steel railway bridge stretching across-river opposite the city, its Minnesota end touching the bank but a little distance below the mill buildings, that Abner's eyes were fixed. Its floor not six feet above the water, the bridge blocked the path like a wall. Abner surmised it a drawbridge; he rightly picked the heavy span close to the Minnesota shore as the draw. And his first doubts were eased while the Mercury was yet a half-mile distant. But when the draw-span had swung wide open, the passages at either side of the pivot-pier looked to Abner no bigger than a pair of needle-eyes. "I don't just see how I'm going to get through there," he remarked anxiously. "No, I don't just see."

Just then another man was debating the same problem—Mr. Dennis Conor. Ten minutes before, Craeburn, the watchman of the Iroquois mill, had all but battered down the door of Conor's room at the hotel, shouting, "Come quick, sir! Sure, the Mercury's loose above town and drifting down on the drawbridge like a railroad train." Half-dressed, Conor had rushed at Craeburn's heels down to the mill, through the mill yard, and, to see the better, out on the mill wharf, a square flooring of worn planks mounted on piles, standing some four hundred yards above the bridge, and projecting a hundred feet into the river.

Gray and ghostly in the rain, the Mercury was then not a quarter-mile above the wharf. Conor had no trouble in identifying her.

"And say," he continued a minute later, "there's somebody in her pilot-house! . . . It's that old rascal Parlow! . . . But he can't do any good. Al Adams"—the Northern Rafting's crack pilot—"couldn't."

To make sure, Conor glanced downward. Ordinarily a few inches of dead river stood under the wharf, but now, through the gaps between the planks, he saw a mighty whirlpool boiling dizzily from north to south beneath the old structure within a foot of the flooring.

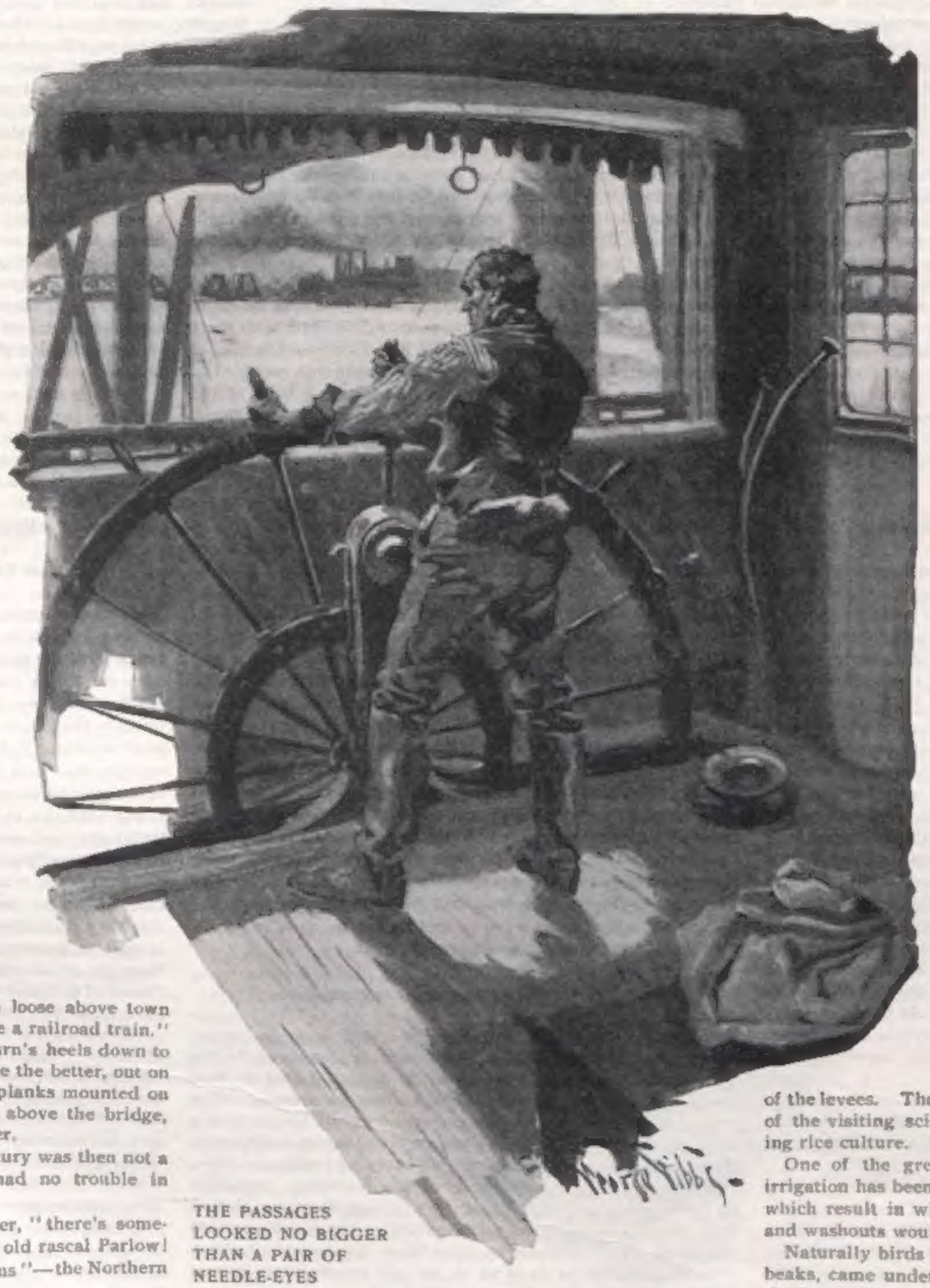
One look was enough for Conor. "She'll go to pot against that bridge," he sputtered harshly, "a twenty-thousand-dollar boat, and no end of profits before I can replace her."

There was no time to do anything *above* the bridge; Conor could only send a half-dozen mill hands who chanced in the yard scurrying to put out in skiffs below, to board the runaway should she, by any providence, get through the draw.

By then the Mercury was almost abreast the dock. Conor wheeled southward for a last look at the bridge; it was easy to determine that the raftboat was much too far out from shore to make either of the passages.

Suddenly, however, he heard Craeburn, behind him, shout, "Holy Mither! Look to yourself, sir!" and bolt toward the bank like a stampeded bronco. Amazed, Conor turned to see what had so disturbed Craeburn. He saw readily enough—and himself rushed agilely up-wharf after his watchman, exclaiming as he went, "By the Lord! that's the trick!"

From the time the draw opened Abner decided that in one or the other of its adjacent passages lay his only chance. At the start the Mercury was in midstream, at least two hundred yards too far to the east of the passages; at once he cautiously put his wheel to starboard. To his joy, the Mercury began to swing westward with her rudder. Abner pulled the wheel over a bit more. Again the steamer veered. Abner didn't realize that it was only a prank of the river, that the head of the whirlpool sweeping under the wharf of the Iroquois mill had taken his boat in tow. Being still fifty yards to the east of the draw, he was about to give the spokes another turn when suddenly, before he had moved a muscle, the Mercury spun wildly to starboard, then started headlong



THE PASSAGES LOOKED NO BIGGER THAN A PAIR OF NEEDLE-EYES

for the Minnesota shore. Dead ahead, under his very bows, Abner saw a great squat wharf, the wharf of the Iroquois mill—it looked bigger than all the mill buildings put together—and atop of it, fleeing madly, President Conor and a man whom he had never seen before. Not only was he about to wreck his boat, just when escape had seemed possible, but to execute his employer and another unfortunate in the bargain. Terror-struck, the sweat of honest panic on his face, he spun the wheel to port as far as it would go. Fast in the whirlpool, the steamer never answered an inch. Abner could only stand there, staring, gripping his useless wheel for life or death, as the bow of the Mercury struck the north edge of the wharf. In the beginning the steamer's fir bow, tough as chilled steel, cut into the rotted planking, elbowed a path through the piles beneath, like a rotary plow going at a snow-drift, while Abner, up aloft, winking hard at the rasping and splintering, choking in the dust that rose about him like smoke, waited quaking for the end. But if the wharf's planking was no better than so much cambric, the piles beneath were different. As the Mercury pushed them aside, they yielded stubbornly in their muddy berths, and clung grittily to her hull. With each pile passed, the raftboat lost a bit of headway; presently, scarcely scratched, she came softly to a full stop, with half her length jammed solid in the broad pier. For a minute or two longer Abner held his ground, listening for more crashes, expecting his boat to lurch ahead again, or go slumping to the bottom. By and by, when nothing of the kind happened, he slowly let go the wheel, and turned about to find Conor and the unknown man climbing the pilot-house stairs.

Abner faced them boldly. Strong in the knowledge that his ride was finished, that no one had been killed, he felt fit to meet a dozen Conors. But the president's first words flustered him completely.

"It's a great mistake I made in you, and I'm proud to own it," cried Conor warmly, crushing Abner's limp hand in a whole-hearted clasp. "No matter how your boat got away—that trick you turned just now proved you a born steamboatman. A good bit of money it saved me. But it's not so much that I'm thinking of—I like the man who can keep his wits in a pinch. Sure, it was"—he hesitated, searching for an adjective properly strong—"it was masterly: heading your boat into this rotten wharf when you saw you couldn't make the bridge."

"Why, I ——" began Abner in astounded protest.

"Don't say a word, man," thundered Conor. "I saw every move. And I'm going to square it, never fear. To-morrow, if you want, I'll put you to learning piloting alongside of Al Adams. When your three years are up I'll have an opening for you. And the minute you take out master's papers you shall have a boat. . . . Then I've got another job open," the president continued doubtfully, "a better job to my mind—but I don't suppose *you'd* be after wanting it. Charley Joyce, our contracting agent, is going to quit. The place pays well. I was thinking of giving it to Ed Price, but it's yours for the asking. Which would you prefer now, the river or the land job?"

"I guess I'll take the land job," said Abner Parlow grimly.

The Levee Walker

IN SOUTHWESTERN Texas and other rice-planting regions, the little blue heron or Levee Walker (Arden cærulea) alights on the levees which surround the fields. These levees vary in height from a few inches to three or four feet. Along these plantation highways the herons are seen to strut with considerable ostentation, varying their parade by darting occasionally toward the base of the levees. The habits of these birds engaged the attention of the visiting scientists from Washington who were studying rice culture.

One of the greatest difficulties to be overcome in rice irrigation has been the frequency of washouts along the levees which result in widespread destruction of property; breaks and washouts would occur.

Naturally birds like the blue heron, with strong, spearlike beaks, came under suspicion. Their pompous marching on the levees intensified the disrepute in which they were held.

It is now known that the damage that is done has been effected by crawfish, who bore through the levees and thus start leaks, at first so small that they escape the attention of the patrol, but which, enlarging momentarily, it is frequently impossible to repair when they are discovered.

The blue heron has been accomplishing what men at times were unable to do. In foraging for its diet of reptiles, crustacea and insects, it was discovered by the watching scientists that it has a special appetite for crawfish. On those levees where the herons were permitted to move in undisturbed procession the Agricultural experts learned that no leaks occurred.

THE BUSINESS EXPERT

Stories of a New Profession

MR. M. MARTIN KALLMAN

By M. M. KALLMAN

IN THE pursuit of his peculiar calling the professional business "methodizer," or "system expert," meets with many odd experiences of vital moment to all who are employers of labor and to those who hold positions of responsibility in the employment of others.

To those who may not know of the existence of such a profession, let it be said that the "methodizer" is comparatively a newcomer into the ranks of modern expert callings. Though the list of recognized "system experts" is small, some clients are inclined to think that the fees of this profession run in inverse ratio to the number of its followers. It is not a sensational circumstance for a methodizer of large reputation and a genuine gift for his peculiar work to receive a fee of a thousand dollars for a day's work, and the yearly earnings of several system experts probably exceed fifty thousand dollars.

What does he do to earn such enviable fees? He acts as a physician to commercial patients, makes a searching examination of a business, demands of its proprietors their fullest confidence in giving him a clear view of its conditions, and then prescribes a series of changes in the system by which the business is conducted. This generally implies the installation of a new system of office or factory accounting, but it may equally well apply to the arrangement of floor space in a shipping-room or of desk space in an office — in fact, to the minutest mechanical and operative details.

Looking for Leaks in Odd Corners

One of the first and most valuable things the business systemizer learns is to look for leaks in odd corners. And he is sure to find them, for no matter how carefully any commercial enterprise is managed there are certain to be some weak spots in it, and it is equally certain that its employees, or some of them, have been industriously concealing these defects from the management.

Not long ago I was called to serve one of the very large manufacturing concerns of this country which employs many thousands of workmen and hundreds of accountants. Inevitably all the departmental accounts of this company ran into big figures and a fluctuation of a few thousand dollars one way or the other would not attract special attention. However, I had no sooner reached the account for shop supplies than it was evident that it was out of normal proportions. Inquiry developed the fact that it had been handled with comparatively little system and a great deal of faith in the honesty of the employees. To all practical purposes it was taken for granted that whatever was asked for on the requisition of a shop boss was actually needed and that all the supplies given out were used for their rightful purposes. At least there was nothing in the system of checking the supplies to tell whether they remained in the shop and fulfilled their legitimate use or not.

After a thorough analysis of the supply account I asked the general manager and general superintendent to meet me, that evening, at the big gate through which all the workmen must pass in leaving the shops for the night.

They were on hand there a few moments before the closing whistle sounded, and were astonished when I requested them to order the men to remove their coats and uncover their dinner-pails as they reached the gate. In fact they demurred a bit at this request, but I insisted, and the gateman carried out the order with ill-concealed unwillingness.

The first man in the line stripped off his coat with alacrity and passed it up for examination. There was nothing concealed in it. Then he lifted the cover from his dinner-pail for an instant, clapped it back on again and started forward through the gate. But he was stopped and asked to hand up the pail. It was a "double-decker" and in the lower compartment was concealed a small tool which he had filched from his bench. When the last man in the line had passed through the gate we had a stack of tools that reached high up against the fence and would have equipped a very respectable shop. A careful invoice showed that at cost prices they reached a total valuation of $2000. There was no reason to believe that this day was different from any other in the amount of stolen tools passing through the gate. Only a little figuring is required to give an idea of the immense volume of the drain to which this great plant had been subjected in this detail alone. Had it not been for the fact that it did a business of millions of dollars a year and earned large profits, this leakage, unless discovered, would certainly have ruined the concern.

Often a very slight defect, seemingly of too trivial a kind to be considered, in the mechanism of a business leads to serious results. Sometimes these disorders start with mere mechanical defects. A certain firm hired a new office boy, of rather a timid and secretive disposition, who was required to put through a rotary copying-press the outgoing bills of the house, for the purpose of making office duplicates of them. This copying-press stood near a high and heavy desk which backed against the wall, although imperfectly, leaving a space of some two inches between them.

Shortly after the boy began work the firm called in a professional systemizer who proceeded to rearrange the desks in the room. Behind the one beside the copying-press he found copies of unrendered bills to the amount of $3000. Investigation revealed the fact that the boy, who received less than two dollars a week for his work, and was of a grade of intelligence corresponding with the rate of his pay, had hidden the bills because the worn-out copying-press was defective and blurred the figures. He was afraid that if he showed them to the mailing-clerk he would be scolded for doing the work badly and would lose his job. Therefore, following the line of reasoning inevitable to a boy with little conscience and a low order of intelligence, he took refuge in the makeshift of concealment. Though his ruse would no doubt have been discovered in the course of comparatively a short time, the harm and confusion which he could have entailed is indicated by the fact that he put through the copying-press a daily average of bills to the amount of $20,000. This firm speedily became convinced that worn-out office equipment and the cheapest grade of help, even in seemingly the most insignificant positions, is unsafe and uneconomical.

The Dividends of Shortsighted Economy

Constantly the expert methodizer is called upon to marvel at the stupidity and wastefulness which is displayed by the managements of large businesses in the allotment of floor space and the arrangement of the routine facilities of office work. While making an examination of the business of a large establishment in New York a system expert had to pass through the ground floor shipping-room to reach the office, which occupied the second story of the building. Standing on the stairway he noticed that the shipping-floor was glutted with goods, heaped almost to the ceiling. Instantly he noticed that there were five doors opening upon the freight platform outside and that at each of these exit points were several drays waiting for an opportunity to load.

Calling to him one of the draymen who was "next" in the waiting line, the expert asked:

"How long have you been waiting your turn?"

"Only an hour, sir," was his answer. "It generally takes two or three hours."

As a result of that conversation five reserve trucks, one for each exit, were installed, so that when an empty dray returned the driver unhitched his team from it and hitched to one of the loaded trucks. This bit of system saved in the keeping of teams alone a yearly item of $1800, to say nothing of the economy in the time of drivers, freight handlers and the facilitation of shipments.

Generally men are very cautious about delegating the power to sign checks, and heads of great enterprises cling tenaciously to the rule that they must sign all checks, no matter what the amount. This involves a great sacrifice of the most valuable and high-priced time on the pay-roll, and is easily avoided by placing an employee who is a "good moral risk" under ample bonds, and then delegating to him authority to sign all checks under a certain amount — say, for instance, $1000.

This is the era of swift business expansion, of tidal waves of success. To-day a man starts into an enterprise with a few thousand dollars, or perhaps only a few hundred, and within a year he is doing a business of thousands a week, because he has *hit upon an idea*. There are scores of instances of this kind: the bicycle, the cereal foods, the sectional office and library equipments, the automobile — all these have seen meagre beginnings quickly expanded into enterprises of enormous volume, and generally by the force of a bright, original idea exploited to practically the whole country at once through the medium of broadcast advertising.

There is but one way in which this sudden expansion of business can be adequately provided for, and that is by an absolutely flexible system of accounting which will make the handling of a thousand accounts as simple as that of a hundred — in short, a method which expands by simple addition, to meet any limit of influx and which cannot be swamped or confused by a tidal wave of success.

New Conditions That Must be Met

Most of the businesses which I have named as examples of sudden expansion are typically modern and thoroughly in touch with the modern spirit. Most of them, perhaps, have been started by young men who have not been settled in a rut of office routine or bound by conventional traditions. Consequently they have been prompt to avail themselves of the most modern devices in the matter of office methods and equipments, and have, therefore, escaped the disaster of being smothered under an unexpected flood of business.

But with the old-established business, clogged with office traditions and men who have grown old in the old way of doing things, the conditions are decidedly different. Their difficulties are briefly suggested in the statement that they must do twice the volume of business expressed in dollars that they transacted ten years ago in order to make the same margin of gross profit; that their goods held in stock depreciate at an average of five per cent. a year; and that one thousand dollars in sales to-day represents double the volume, in bulk, of business that it did a decade ago.

In mercantile life, for example, this is peculiarly the day of small items. Speaking broadly, the charge of $50 on the wholesale merchant's ledger involves as much work on the part of the selling and accounting forces as did $500 in the days when the country retailer came to town and "stocked up" for six months or a year ahead. It is scarcely too much to say that ten years ago the merchant did as much business with a force of thirty people as he can to-day with seventy. This implies immense increase in office and selling forces.

Consequently the merchant's great problem is to increase the output and at the same time to *keep down the non-productive expenses of his business*. It is to the manufacturer that the merchant must look for an example of good, progressive methods. When the manufacturer wishes to expand he takes out old machinery and replaces it with new, which will increase the volume of his output while reducing its proportionate cost. But the merchant generally strives to gain this end by introducing more help and less method. He is so busy with the details of his business that he fails to investigate fundamental conditions or to get far enough away from his affairs to see them in the proper perspective of their relative values. The foreman of the manufacturing plant is paid to think, not to work with his hands, and the merchant should emulate the manufacturer in this particular. Though he consistently aims to increase his business he seldom fails to

provide for that increase save in the one particular of taking on more help. This is his one panacea for his difficulties — and it is as inadequate as it is expensive. Let me illustrate this by saying that, not long ago, a certain merchant, ambitious for expansion, managed to add one thousand new accounts which brought him an aggregate increase of one million dollars of trade in one year. But when he figured up his expenses he found that the actual increase in profits was only $4 80!

One merchant recently remarked to a professional methodizer: "I don't think we need your services; in ten years this business has increased from $500,000 to $5,000,000."

"And your inference," responded the expert, "is that it will go on increasing at the same rate for another ten years, and that you can take care of it by the same methods with which you started in?"

But this deduction opened his eyes to the fallacy of his position

Almost invariably the bookkeeper comes to the defense of his science when he thinks that it is likely to be superseded by some "new-fangled system." And he places great emphasis upon the word "science." The distance which the eye and the hand must travel in posting from the regulation day-book to ledger is so great that the operation involves a distinct act of memory, while under almost any of the recognized modern methods the memory act is eliminated and posting becomes simply copying figures at close hand. Science always makes for accuracy and an increase of practical results, and it is therefore clear as to which method of accounting is more worthy to be called scientific

Little more than a year ago a methodizer was called to introduce his system into the counting-room of a large mercantile establishment. He found a force of six men devoted exclusively to posting the 20,000 accounts which the ledgers contained. To-day under the modern system recently adopted one man does all the posting and works at the task only three hours a day!

The new systems provide for a series of duplicates so that the sudden destruction of a set of ledger records can be almost instantly replaced. The importance of this feature of latter-day methods was recently brought home to me when the head bookkeeper of a business house to which I had been called maliciously destroyed five ledger records — no doubt to cover peculations. Under the modern systems this would have been practically impossible

Often I am asked: What will the best of modern systems save a large business? This is difficult to answer, but there is one manufacturing establishment of enormous proportions having many branches which has been saved $100,000 a year in its pay-roll and time-keeping department alone through this modern agency

It must be a small business, speaking in the metropolitan sense, which cannot be saved $5000 to $10,000 a year through the introduction of a first-class modern system devised by a "methodizer" of recognized standing in his profession

Many curious phases of human nature are uncovered by the professional systemizer in the course of his work. Generally his services are demanded as a result of some accident which exposes to the business man the weakness of the routine under which his accounting has been conducted

One of these accidents throws interesting light upon the problem of "average public honesty." At four o'clock in the afternoon a fire broke out in a retail dry-goods store of a large provincial city. The books of the house were saved, but all of the charge slips for that day were destroyed. Next day the firm inserted in each daily paper of the city a full-page advertisement explaining that all records of charges made on the day of the fire had been burned. An appeal to the honesty of their patrons was made, and those who had bought goods on account that day were requested to report the amount and nature of their purchases. Although the daily average of charges made at that store numbered 3000, only one person responded to the appeal to public honesty. He was a man who reported that he had bought a pair of gloves. Many clerks remembered certain large sales which they had made on the day of the disaster, but the patrons who had made them stood on the technicality of the record and refused to admit the purchases, demanding that they be shown the original charge. This condition was a revelation to the proprietor of the establishment, who has since taken a somewhat pessimistic view of the average conscience

Occasionally the facts that blood is thicker than water and that there is politics in business, as well as business in politics, come to the surface in the course of the systemizer's work. Recently I was called to serve a large organ manufacturing establishment, and had proceeded but little way with my investigation when the fact developed that the house was far behind its orders, because it could not get enough reeds to equip the cabinets of its organs. This defect was a very serious one and had doubtless cost the firm a large volume of business. After a long investigation the cause was made apparent: the reed and cabinet departments were under one foreman, who had a highly developed sense of devotion to ties of family and friendship, with the result that he had filled his department with artisans who were relatives or friends. Unfortunately, however, the men that he had placed on his pay-roll because of these personal relationships were all cabinet-makers, and therefore, in order to keep them constantly employed, and at the same time to keep the expenses of his department as a whole within required limits, he had been compelled to manufacture many more cabinets than sets of reeds for their equipment.

The office manager of another establishment, which was served by a systemizer, complained that his force of some twenty to thirty stenographers was in a constant state of disruption and change because of the fact that as soon as one of these operators obtained a thoroughly satisfactory degree of proficiency he promptly resigned and took a position with another house. Of course he was immediately asked for the scale of wages paid to this class of employees, and replied that the lowest wage was $5 a week and the highest $12. This, of course, was the solution of the whole problem, as it indicated that the stenographers receiving the minimum salary were comparatively worthless, while those drawing the maximum pay were really carrying the burden of the work, and were consequently very willing to seek another place. It was then suggested to him that he put his stenographic work upon a piece basis. This was done, and the experiment was found to be entirely satisfactory, inasmuch as the poorest stenographers speedily resigned, while the proficient ones were anxious to remain because they could bring their weekly earnings up to a comparatively high figure

These are but suggestions of the variety of experiences which come to the expert methodizer, and which may be of practical value to the business man who has not yet put his system of accounting upon a thoroughly scientific basis

THE PIT

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By Frank Norris

Author of The Octopus

CHAPTER XI

CORTHELL talked brilliantly. Dinner was over before Laura was aware of it. They were still talking animatedly as they rose from the table

"We will have our coffee in the art gallery," Laura said, "and please smoke; Curtis always does."

He lit a cigarette, and the two passed into the great glass-roofed rotunda

"Here is the one I like best," said Laura, standing before a characteristic Bouguereau

"Yes?" he queried, observing the picture thoughtfully. "I suppose," he remarked, "it is because it demands less of you than some others. It pleases you because it satisfies you so easily. You can grasp it without any effort.

"Oh, I don't know," she ventured

"Bouguereau 'fills a place.' I know it," he answered. "But I cannot persuade myself to admire his art."

"But," she faltered, "I thought that Bouguereau was considered the greatest — one of the greatest — his wonderful flesh tints, the drawing, and coloring."

"But I think you will see," he told her, "if you think about it, that for all there is in this picture — back of it — a fine hanging, a beautiful vase would have exactly the same value upon your wall. Now, on the other hand, take this picture." He indicated a small canvas to the right of the Bathing Nymphs, representing a twilight landscape

"Oh, that one," said Laura. "We bought that here in America, in New York. It's by a Western artist. I never noticed it much, I'm afraid."

"But now look at it," said Corthell. "Don't you know that the artist saw something more than trees and a pool and afterglow? He had that feeling of night coming on, as he sat there before his sketching easel on the edge of that little pool. He heard the frogs beginning to pipe, I'm sure, and the touch of the night mist was on his hands. And he was very lonely and even a little sad. In those deep shadows under the trees he put something of himself, the gloom and the sadness that he felt at the moment. And that little pool, still and black and sombre — why, the whole thing is the tragedy of a life full of dark, hidden secrets. And the little pool is a heart. No one can say how deep it is, or what dreadful thing one would find at the bottom, or what drowned hopes or what sunken ambitions. That little pool says one word as plain as if it were whispered in the ear — despair Oh, yes, I prefer it to the Nymphs.

"I am very much ashamed," returned Laura, "that I could not see it all before for myself. But I see it now It is better, of course. I shall come in here often now and study it. Of all the rooms in our house, this is the one I like best. But I am afraid it has been more because of the organ than of the pictures."

Corthell turned about

"Oh, the grand, noble organ," he murmured. "I envy you this of all your treasures. May I play for you? Something to compensate for the dreadful, despairing little tarn of the picture."

"I should love to have you," she told him

He asked permission to lower the lights, and stepping outside the door an instant, pressed the buttons that lowered all but a very few of them After he had done this he came back to the organ, detached the self-playing "arrangement" without comment, and seated himself at the console.

THE MAGAZINES WERE HELTER SKELTERED UPON THE FLOOR

Laura lay back in a long chair close at hand. The moment was propitious. The artist's profile silhouetted itself against the shade of a light that burned at the side of the organ and that gave light to the keyboard. And on this keyboard, full in the reflection, lay his long, slim hands. They were the only things that moved in the room, and the chords and bars of Mendelssohn's Consolation seemed, as he played, to flow, not from the instrument, but, like some invisible ether, from his finger-tips themselves.

"You hear," he said, "the effect of questions and answer in this. The questions are passionate and tumultuous and varied, but the answer is always calm, soothing, dignified."

She answered with a long breath, speaking just above a whisper

"Oh, yes, yes, I understand."

He finished and turned toward her a moment. "Possibly not a very high order of art; a little too 'easy,' perhaps, like the Bouguereau, but Consolation should appeal very simply and directly, after all. Do you care for Beethoven?"

"I — I am afraid ——" began Laura, but he had continued without waiting for her reply

"You remember this? The Appassionata the F Minor Sonata, just the second movement."

But when he had finished Laura begged him to continue

"Please go on," she said. "Play anything You can't tell how I love it"

"Here is something I've always liked," he answered, turning back to the keyboard. "It is the Mephisto Walzer of Liszt He has adapted it himself from his own orchestral score, very ingeniously, I think, and in his most characteristic mood As he spoke he began playing, his head very slightly moving to the rhythm of the piece. At the beginning of each new theme, and without interrupting his playing, he offered a word of explanation

"Very vivid and arabesque this, don't you think? . . . And now this movement, isn't it reckless and capricious, like a woman who hesitates and then takes the leap? Yet there's a certain nobility there, a feeling for ideals You see it, of course. . . . And all the while this undercurrent of the sensual, and that feline, eager sentiment . . . and here, I think, is the best part of it, the very essence of passion, the voluptuousness that is a veritable anguish. . . . These long, slow rhythms, tortured, languishing, really dying. It reminds one of Phèdre — *Vénus toute entière*, and the rest of it; and Wagner has the same. You find it again in Isolde's motif continually"

Laura was transfixed, all but transported. Here was something, something better than Gounod and Verdi, something

above and beyond the obvious one, two, three, one, two, three of the opera scores as she knew them and played them Music she understood with an intuitive quickness; and those prolonged chords of Liszt, heavy and clogged and cloyed with passion, reached some hitherto untouched string within her heart, and with resistless power twanged it so that the vibration of it shook her entire being, and left her quivering and breathless, the tears in her eyes, her hands clasped till the knuckles whitened

She felt all at once as though a whole new world were opened to her. She stood on Pisgah. And she was ashamed and confused at her ignorance of those things which Corthell tactfully assumed that she knew as a matter of course. What wonderful pleasures she had ignored! How infinitely removed from her had been the real world of art and artists of which Corthell was a part! Ah, but she would make amends now No more Verdi and Bouguereau. She would get rid of the Bathing Nymphs. Never, never again would she play the Anvil Chorus. Corthell should select her pictures, and should play to her from Liszt and Beethoven that music which evoked all the turbulent emotion, all the impetuosity and fire and exaltation that she felt was hers

She wondered at herself. Surely, surely, there were two Laura Jadwins. One calm and even and steady, loving the quiet life, loving her home, finding a pleasure in the duties of the housewife. This was the Laura who liked plain, homely, matter of fact Mrs Cressler, who adored her husband, who delighted in Mr. Howells' novels, who abjured society and the formal conventions, who went to church every Sunday, and who was frightened of her own elevator

But at moments such as this she knew that there was another Laura Jadwin—the Laura Jadwin who might have been a great actress, who had a "temperament," who was impulsive. This was the Laura of the "grand manner," who played the rôle of the great lady from room to room of her vast house, who read Meredith, who reveled in swift gallops through the park on jet-black, long-tailed horses, who affected black velvet, black jet and black lace in her gowns, who was conscious and proud of her pale, stately beauty—Laura Jadwin, in fine, who delighted to recline in a long chair in the dim, beautiful picture gallery and listen with half shut eyes to the great golden organ thrilling to the passion of Beethoven and Liszt.

The last notes of the organ sank and faded into silence—a silence that left a sense of darkness like that which follows upon the flight of a falling star, and after a long moment Laura sat upright, adjusting the heavy masses of her black hair with thrusts of her long, white fingers. She drew a deep breath

"Oh," she said, "that was wonderful, wonderful. It is like a new language—no, it is like new thoughts, too fine for language."

"I have always believed so," he answered. "Of all the arts, music, to my notion, is the most intimate. At the other end of the scale you have architecture, which is an expression of and an appeal to the common multitude, a whole people the mass. Fiction and painting, and even poetry, are affairs of the classes, reaching the groups of the educated. But music—ah, that is different; it is one soul speaking to another soul The composer meant it for you and himself. No one else has anything to do with it. Because his soul was heavy and broken with grief, or bursting with passion, or tortured with doubt, or searching for some unnamed ideal, he has come to you—you of all the people in the world—with his message, and he tells you of his yearnings and his sadness, knowing that you will sympathize, knowing that your soul has, like his, been acquainted with grief or with gladness; and in the music his soul speaks to yours, beats with it, blends with it—yes, is even, spiritually, married to it."

And as he spoke the electrics all over the gallery flashed out in a sudden blaze, and Curtis Jadwin entered the room, crying out:

"Are you here, Laura? By George, my girl, we pulled it off, and I've cleaned up five—hundred—thousand—dollars."

Laura and the artist faced quickly about, blinking at the sudden glare, and Laura put her hand over her eyes.

"Oh, I didn't mean to blind you," said her husband as he came forward. "But I thought it wouldn't be appropriate to tell you the good news in the dark

Corthell rose, and for the first time Jadwin caught sight of him

"This is Mr. Corthell, Curtis," Laura said. "You remember him, of course?"

"Why, certainly, certainly," declared Jadwin, shaking Corthell's hand. "Glad to see you again. I hadn't an idea you were here." He was very excited, elated, very talkative. "I guess I came in on you abruptly," he observed. "They told me Mrs. Jadwin was in here, and I was full of my good news. By the way, I do remember now. When I came to look over my mail on the way downtown this morning I found a note from you to my wife, saying you would call to-night. Thought it was for me, and opened it before I found the mistake."

"I knew you'd gone off with it," exclaimed his wife

"Guess I must have mixed it up with my own mail this morning. I'd have telephoned you about it, Laura, but upon my word I've been so busy all day I clean forgot it. I've let the cat out of the bag already, Mr. Corthell, and I might as well tell the whole thing now I've been putting through a little deal with some Liverpool fellows to-day and I had to wait downtown to get their cables to-night. You got my telephone, did you, Laura?"

"SAM, WE CAN CORNER THE MARKET!"

Yes, but you said then you'd be up in half an hour.

I know—I know. But those Liverpool cables didn't come till all hours. Well, as I was saying, Mr. Corthell, I had this deal on hand—it was that wheat, Laura, I was telling you about this morning—five million bushels of it, and I found out from my English agent that I could slam it right into a couple of fellows over there, if we could come to terms. We came to terms right enough. Some of that wheat I sold at a profit of fifteen cents on every bushel. My broker and I figured it out just now, before I started home, and, as I say, I'm a clean half million to the good. So much for looking ahead a little further than the next man." He dropped into a chair and stretched his arms wide. "Whoo! I'm tired, Laura. Seems as though I'd been on my feet all day. Do you suppose Mary or Martha or Maggie, or whatever her name is, could rustle me a good strong cup of tea?"

"Haven't you dined, Curtis?" cried Laura.

"Oh, I had a stand-up lunch somewhere with Sam. But we were both so excited we might as well have eaten sawdust. Heigho, I sure am tired. It takes it out of you, Mr Corthell, to make five hundred thousand in about ten hours."

"Indeed I imagine so," assented the artist. Jadwin turned to his wife, and held her glance in his a moment. He was full of triumph, full of the grim humor of the suddenly successful American.

Hey?" he said. "What do you think of that, Laura?" he clapped down his big hand upon his chair arm—"a whole half-million—at one grab? Maybe they'll say down there in La Salle Street now that I don't know wheat. Why, Sam—that's Gretry, my broker, Mr. Corthell, of Gretry, Converse & Co.—Sam said to me, Laura, to-night, he said, 'J.'—they call me J. down there, Mr. Corthell—'J., I take off my hat to you. I thought you were wrong from the very first, but I guess you know this game better than I do.' Yes, sir, that's what he said, and Sam Gretry has been trading in wheat for pretty nearly thirty years. Oh, I knew it," he cried with a quick gesture; "I knew wheat was going to go up. I knew it from the first, when all the rest of 'em laughed at me. I knew this European demand would hit us hard about this time. I knew it was a good thing to buy wheat, I knew it was a good thing to have special agents over in Europe. Oh, they'll all buy now—when I've showed 'em the way. Upon my word, I haven't talked so much in a month of Sundays. You must pardon me, Mr. Corthell. I don't make five hundred thousand every day."

"But this is the last—isn't it?" said Laura

"Yes," admitted Jadwin with a quick, deep breath. "I'm done now. No more speculating. Let some one else have a try now. See if they can hold five million bushels till it's wanted. My, my, I am tired—as I've said before. D'that tea come, Laura?

"What's that in your hand?" she answered, smiling

Jadwin stared at the cup and saucer he held, whimsically

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "I must be flustered Corthell," he declared between swallows, "take my advice Buy May wheat. It'll beat art all hollow."

"Oh, dear, no," returned the artist. I should lose my senses if I won, and my money if I didn't

"That's so. Keep out of it. It's a rich man's game. And at that, there's no fun in it unless you risk more than you can afford to lose. Well, let's not talk shop. You're an artist, Mr. Corthell. What do you think of our house?"

Later, when they had said good-by to Corthell, and when Jadwin was making the rounds of the library, art gallery and drawing-rooms—a nightly task which he never would intrust to the servants—turning down the lights and testing the window fastenings, his wife said

"And now you are out of it—for good."

"I don't own a grain of wheat," he assured her. "I've got to be out of it"

The next day he went downtown only for two or three hours in the afternoon. But he did not go near the Board of Trade Building. He talked over a few business matters with the manager of his real-estate office, wrote an unimportant letter or two, signed a few orders, was back at home by five o'clock, and in the evening took Laura, Page and Landry Court to the theatre

After breakfast the next morning, when he had read his paper, he got up, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, looked across the table at his wife

"Well," he said. "Now what'll we do?"

She put down at once the letter she was reading.

"Would you like to drive in the park?" she suggested "It is a beautiful morning"

"M—m—yes," he answered slowly. "All right. Let's drive in the park"

But she could see that the prospect was not alluring to him

"No," she said, "no, I don't think you want to do that

"I don't think I do, either," he admitted "The fact is Laura, I just about know that park by heart. Is there anything good in the magazines this month?"

She got them for him, and he installed himself comfortably in the library with a box of cigars near at hand

"Ah," he said, fetching a long breath as he settled back in the deep-seated leather chair. "Now this is what I call solid comfort. Better than stewing and fussing about La Salle Street with your mind loaded down with responsibilities and all. This is my idea of life."

But an hour later, when Laura—who had omitted her ride that morning—looked into the room, he was not there. The magazines were helter-skeltered upon the floor and table, where he had tossed each one after turning the leaves. A servant told her that Mr. Jadwin was out in the stables.

She saw him through the window, in a cap and greatcoat, talking with the coachman and looking over one of the horses But he came back to the house in a little while, and she found him in his smoking-room with a novel in his hand.

"Oh, I read that last week," she said, as she caught a glimpse of the title. "Isn't it interesting? Don't you think it is good?"

"Oh—yes—pretty good," he admitted. "Isn't it about time for lunch? Let's go to the matinée this afternoon, Laura. Oh, that's so, it's Thursday; I forgot."

"Let me read that aloud to you," she said, reaching for the book. "I know you'll be interested when you get further along"

Honestly, I don't think I would be," he declared. "I've looked ahead in it. It seems terribly dry. Do you know," he said abruptly, "if the law was off I'd go up to Geneva Lake and fish through the ice. Laura, how would you like to go to Florida?"

"Oh, I'll tell you," she exclaimed. "Let's go up to Geneva Lake over Christmas. We'll open up the house and take some of the servants along and have a house-party."

Eventually this was done. The Cresslers and the Gretrys were invited, together with Sheldon Corthell and Landry Court. Page and Aunt Wess' came as a matter of course. Jadwin brought up some of the horses and a couple of sleighs. On Christmas night they had a great tree, and Corthell composed the words and music for a carol which had a great success

About a week later, two days after New Year's Day, when Landry came down from Chicago on the afternoon train, he was full of the tales of a great day on the Board of Trade. Laura, descending to the sitting-room, just before dinner, found a group in front of the fireplace, where the huge logs were hissing and crackling. Her husband and Cressler were there, and Gretry, who had come down on an earlier train.

Page sat near at hand, her chin on her palm, listening intently to Landry, who held the centre of the stage for the moment In a far corner of the room Sheldon Corthell, in a dinner-coat and patent-leather pumps, a cigarette between his fingers, read a volume of Italian verse

"It was the confirmation of the failure of the Argentine crop that did it," Landry was saying; "that and the tremendous foreign demand. She opened steady enough at .83, but just as soon as the gong tapped we began to get it. Buy, buy, buy. Everybody is in it now. The public are speculating For one fellow who wants to sell there are a dozen buyers. We had one of the hottest times I ever remember in the Pit this morning."

Laura saw Jadwin's eyes snap

"I told you we'd get this, Sam," he said, nodding to the broker

"Oh, there's plenty of wheat," answered Gretry easily. Wait till we get dollar wheat—if we do—and see it come out. The farmers haven't sold it all yet. There's always an army of ancient hayseeds who have the stuff tucked away—in old stockings, I guess—and who'll dump it on you all right if you pay enough. There's plenty of wheat I've seen it happen before. Work the price high enough, and, Lord, how they'll scrape the bins to throw it at you! You'd never guess from what out-of-the-way places it would come."

"I tell you, Sam," retorted Jadwin, "the surplus of wheat is going out of the country—and it's going fast. And some of these shorts will have to hustle lively for it pretty soon."

"The Crookes gang, though," observed Landry, "seem pretty confident the market will break. I'm sure they were selling short this morning"

"The idea," exclaimed Jadwin incredulously—"the idea of selling short in face of this Argentine collapse and all this Bull news from Europe!"

"Oh, there are plenty of shorts," urged Gretry. "Plenty of them."

Try as he would, the echoes of the rumbling of the Pit reached Jadwin at every hour of the day and night. The maelstrom there at the foot of La Salle Street was swirling now with a mightier rush than for years past. Thundering, its vortex smoking, it sent its whirling far out over the country, from ocean to ocean, sweeping the wheat into its currents, sucking it in, and spewing it out again in the gigantic pulses of its ebb and flow

And he, Jadwin, who knew its every eddy, who could foretell its every ripple, was out of it, out of it. Inactive, he sat there idle while the clamor of the Pit swelled daily louder, and while other men, men of little minds, of narrow imaginations, perversely, blindly shut their eyes to the swelling of its waters, neglecting the chances which he would have known how to use with such large, such vast results. That mysterious event which long ago he felt was preparing was not yet consummated. The great Fact, the great Result which was at last to issue forth from all this turmoil was not yet achieved. Would it refuse to come until a master hand, all-powerful, all-daring gripped the levers of the sluice-gates that controlled the crashing waters of the Pit? He did not know Was it the moment for a chief?

Was this upheaval a revolution that called aloud for its Napoleon? Would another, not himself, at last, seeing where so many shut their eyes, step into the place of high command?

Jadwin chafed and fretted in his inaction As the time when the house-party should break up drew to its close his impatience harried him like a gadfly. He took long drives over the lonely country roads, or tramped the hills or the frozen lakes, thoughtful, preoccupied. He still held his seat upon the Board of Trade. He still retained his agents in Europe. Each morning brought him fresh dispatches, each evening's paper confirmed his forecasts.

"Oh, I'm out of it," he assured his wife. "But I know the man who could take up the whole jing-bang of that Crookes crowd in one hand and"—his large fist knotted as he spoke—"scrunch it up like an eggshell, by George."

Landry Court often entertained Page with accounts of the doings on the Board of Trade, and about a fortnight after the Jadwins had returned to their city home he called on her one evening and brought two or three of the morning's papers

"Have you seen this?" he asked. She shook her head.

"Well," he said, compressing his lips and narrowing his eyes, "we are having pretty—lively—times—down on the Board these days. The whole country is talking about it."

He read her certain extracts from the newspapers he had brought. The first article stated that recently a new factor had appeared in the Chicago wheat market. A "Bull" clique had evidently been formed, presumably of New York capitalists, who were ousting the Crookes crowd and were rapidly coming into control of the market. In consequence of this the price of wheat was again mounting

Another paper spoke of a combine of St. Louis firms who were advancing prices, bulling the market. Still a third said, at the beginning of a half-column article

"It is now universally conceded that an Unknown Bull has invaded the Chicago wheat market since the beginning of the month, and is now dominating the entire situation. The Bears profess to have no fear of this mysterious enemy, but it is a matter of fact that a multitude of shorts were driven ignominiously to cover on Tuesday last, when the Great Bull gathered in a long line of two million bushels in a single half-hour. Scalping and eighth-chasing are almost entirely at an end, the smaller traders dreading to be caught on the horns of the Unknown. The new operator's identity has been carefully concealed, but whoever he is, he is a wonderful trader and is possessed of consummate nerve. It has been rumored that he hails from New York, and is but one of a large clique who are inaugurating a Bull campaign. But our New York advices are emphatic in denying this report, and we can safely state that the Unknown Bull is a native and a present inhabitant of the Windy City."

Page looked up at Landry quickly, and he returned her glance without speaking. There was a moment's silence

"I guess," Landry hazarded, lowering his voice—"I guess we're both thinking the same thing."

"But I know he told my sister that he was going to stop all that kind of thing. What do you think?"

"I hadn't ought to think anything."

"Say 'shouldn't think,' Landry"

"Shouldn't think, then, anything about it My business is to execute Mr. Gretry's orders."

"Well, I know this," said Page, "that Mr. Jadwin is downtown all day again. You know he stayed away for a while."

"Oh, that may be his real-estate business that keeps him downtown so much," replied Landry.

"BOUGUEREAU 'FILLS A PLACE'" HE ANSWERED. "BUT I CANNOT ADMIRE HIS ART"

"Laura is terribly distressed," Page went on. "I can see that. They used to spend all their evenings together in the library, and Laura would read aloud to him. But now he comes home so tired that sometimes he goes to bed at nine o'clock, and Laura sits there alone reading till eleven and twelve. But she's afraid, too, of the effect upon him. He's getting so absorbed. He don't care for literature now as he did once, or was beginning to when Laura used to read to him; and he never thinks of his Sunday-school. And then, too, if you're to believe Mr. Cressler, there's a chance that he may lose if he is speculating again."

But Landry stoutly protested

"Well, don't think for one moment that Mr. Curtis Jadwin is going to let any one get the better of him. There's no man—no, nor gang of men—could down him. He's head and shoulders above the biggest of them down there I tell you he's Napoleonic. Yes, sir, that's what he is, Napoleonic, to say the least. Page," he declared solemnly, "he's the greatest man I've ever known

Very soon after this it was no longer a secret to Laura Jadwin that her husband had gone back to the wheat market, and that, too, with such impetuosity, such eagerness, that his rush had carried him to the very heart's heart of the turmoil

He was now deeply involved; his influence began to be felt Not an important move on the part of the "Unknown Bull," the nameless, mysterious stranger, that was not duly noted and discussed by the entire world of La Salle Street

Almost his very first move, carefully guarded, executed with profoundest secrecy, had been to replace the five million bushels sold to Liverpool by five million more of the May option. This was in January, and all through February and all through the first days of March, while the cry for American wheat rose, insistent and vehement, from fifty cities and centres of Eastern Europe; while the jam of men in the Wheat Pit grew ever more frantic, ever more furious, and while the impassive hand on the great dial over the floor of the Board rose, resistless, till it stood at eighty-seven, he bought steadily, gathering in the wheat, calling for it, welcoming it, receiving full in the face and with opened arms the cataract that poured in upon the Pit from Iowa and Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota, from the dwindling bins of Illinois and the fast emptying elevators of Kansas and Missouri

Then, squarely in the midst of the commotion, at a time when Curtis Jadwin owned some ten million bushels of May wheat, fell the Government report on the visible supply

"Well," said Jadwin, "what do you think of it?"

He and Gretry were in the broker's private room in the offices of Gretry, Converse & Co. They were studying the report of the Government as to the supply of wheat, which had just been published in the editions of the evening papers. It was very late in the afternoon of a lugubrious March day. Long since the gas and electricity had been lighted in the office, while in the streets the lamps at the corners were reflected downward in long shafts of light upon the drenched pavements. From the windows of the room one could see directly up La Salle Street The cable cars, as they made the turn into or out of the street at the corner of Monroe, threw momentary glares of red and green lights across the mists of rain, and filled the air continually with the jangle of their bells Further on one caught a glimpse of the Court House rising from the pavement like a rain-washed cliff of black basalt, picked out with winking lights, and beyond that at the extreme end of the vista the girders and cables of the La Salle Street bridge.

The sidewalks on either hand were encumbered with the "six o'clock crowd" that poured out incessantly from the street entrances of the office buildings. It was a crowd almost entirely of men, and they moved only in one direction, buttoned to the chin in rain coats, their umbrellas bobbing, their feet scuffling through the little pools of wet in the depressions of the sidewalk. They streamed from out the brokers' offices and commission houses on either side of La Salle Street, continually, unendingly, moving with the dragging sluggishness of the fatigue of a hard day's work. Under that gray sky and blurring veil of rain they lost their individualities, they became conglomerate—a mass, slow-moving, black All day long the torrent had seethed and thundered through the street—the torrent that swirled out and back from that vast Pit of roaring within the Board of Trade. Now the Pit was stilled, the sluice-gates of the torrent locked, and from out the thousands of offices, from out the Board of Trade itself, flowed the black and sluggish lees, the lifeless dregs that filtered back to their level; for a few hours' stagnation, till, in the morning, the whirlpool revolving once more should again suck them back into its vortex.

"Well," repeated Jadwin, shifting with a movement of his lips his unlit cigar to the other corner of his mouth—"Well, what do you think of it?"

The broker, intent upon the figures and statistics, replied only by an indefinite movement of the head

"Why, Sam," observed Jadwin, looking up from the paper, "there's less than a hundred million bushels in the farmers' hands. . . That's awfully small. Sam, that's awfully small"

"It ain't, as you might say, colossal," admitted Gretry.

There was a long silence while the two men studied the report still further. Gretry took a pamphlet of statistics from

(Continued on Page 20)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

¶ Rivalry is the spice of love.

¶ Small sins make big rascals.

¶ Persistency makes a probability of a possibility.

¶ Paradoxical as it may seem, the spoiled child is generally too fresh.

¶ The world is smaller to the fugitive than to the man who is seeking him.

¶ Bridges burned behind one are not so important as those burned in front

¶ The statesman realizes that mud is thicker than water on the road to Fame.

¶ A boy who would rather have a family tree than a dog isn't worth considering.

¶ Men work for necessities. It is only for luxuries that they are willing to steal.

¶ The prettiest girls always marry the homeliest men and have the ugliest bulldogs.

¶ The man who can and won't is not so exasperating as the man who can't but will.

¶ There are few politicians as good as they claim to be or as bad as others think they are.

¶ The politician does not care about the strange bedfellow so long as he has an easy berth.

¶ The secret of happiness often lies in being ignorant of the mean things people say about us.

¶ There are always two sides to a story, and the scandal-monger wishes there were more.

¶ The Lord helps those who help themselves, but He doesn t forget those who help others.

¶ The pain a dentist causes is remembered longer than any suffering he may have prevented.

¶ Even the bald-headed man may take some consolation from the fact that he was born that way.

¶ Gratitude for expected favors is usually more active than the appreciation of favors already received.

¶ "It is easy to make money," remarked the nati keg philosopher, "but it is hard to lose it—mighty hard "

¶ The only time a man really feels that he is too old to learn is after he has finished his freshman year at college.

¶ The effort that is made and fails is of more value than the unexecuted plans that might have been successful.

The Province of Manhattan

IT SEEMS pretty evident that something is going to crack in New York before long. The materials of which States are made are not calculated to resist such a strain as the political conditions there impose. In the late election the metropolis piled up the greatest Democratic majority in its history, and this was offset in the rest of the State by the greatest Republican majority ever known before the abnormal period following the panic of 1893

Plainly New York politically is not one State, but two, joined by an artificial bond that is under tremendous tension. South of the Westchester line there is a State as uncompromisingly Democratic as any part of the Solid South. North of it there is a Republican State as adamantine as Vermont. And the political divergence is merely the symbol of a deeper discord. The very things that gave Coler his 122,000 majority in the metropolis gave Odell his 130,000 in the country. The tax policy that was resented in the city brought votes in the rural counties. If the Republican vote had disappeared in Manhattan the same cause would have wiped out the Democratic vote up the State.

It is a question whether the interests of all concerned would not be promoted by a divorce between these discordant partners. New York would make two superb States, each ranking among the greatest in the Union. There would be twice as many places as now for ambitious politicians, and elections would be relieved of the gambling element of uncertainty. Rural Democrats who wanted offices could move to the city, and metropolitan Republicans could emigrate to the country. National politics would be purged of a most demoralizing element. Instead of a huge "pivotal State," ready to throw thirty-nine electoral votes to one side or the other for the price of a few thousand floaters, there would be two States of about twenty electoral votes each, balancing each other comfortably, with no occasion to raise campaign funds for either

Speaking of governing without the consent of the governed, what is to be said of a situation in which a majority of 129,000 is absolutely suppressed by a hostile majority in another and unsympathetic body politic? Under present conditions New York City is not a self-governing community. It is as clearly a subject province as Alsace. In a few years the case will be reversed. As the city is growing so much faster than the country it will command a majority of the whole, and then the rural regions will feel the domination they now exercise. Perhaps both sides may agree then that in a case of so much incompatibility each would do better by itself.

After Thanksgiving

AN AMERICAN, tramping through Switzerland last summer, was puzzled by the difference that he found among the inhabitants of Haute-Savoie.

He said to his guide one day, "You mountaineers are of the same blood as the people in yonder valley: you have the same religion, the same language, the same schools. But you are all vigorous in mind and body, and they are all dull-witted. They have goitre and scrofula. They are little better than cretins. What makes the difference?"

"We live on the upland," the man said promptly. "The sun shines on us. They are in the marshes under the fogs."

There is a text for a sermon which any man can preach to himself

Take another text with the same meaning.

A week or two ago one of the magazines published a paper by a colored woman in which she recited all the miseries of her race, from slavery and lynching down to the petty social snubs given her by ill bred white women. The sole utterance of her life evidently was a litany of woe, vindictive, angry—a cry like Esau's to God, loud and exceeding bitter.

In Philadelphia there is to-day an educated negro who is trying to make a life for himself, his wife and boy. So far he has obtained no better work than cooking

But on the walls of his cheery little house there are photographs of the successful men of his race—the good old Professor Crummles, at Atlanta; William Still and John McKee, shrewd, honest Philadelphia merchants who amassed millions; Paul Dunbar and Booker Washington. They all call out "Courage!" to him.

So this poor black cook proudly tells his son about them every day and urges him to study and to work and to pray, and makes his home wholesome and happy, that the boy may be like them some day. He lives on the heights; his chance for success there is good. There is no chance of it down in the fogs.

We take our examples from among colored people because they of all Americans are just now making the hardest fight against circumstances.

But each one of us has to fight some circumstance. It may be poverty or a torpid liver or a dull brain or vicious temper. Every man knows what is in that pack on his back. Whatever it is let us carry it up to high ground, and once in the sun let us stay there.

Once a year, on Thanksgiving, we all scramble up higher. There is something in the day besides turkey and mince pies; most of us have an honest throb at heart when we remember that He—whoever He may be—has been kind to us.

But the next day there is a slump in X. Y. stock, or we read of a divorce trial and feel filthy within, or we groan over the horrors of a coming labor war, and down we go.

Why not make a Thanksgiving of *every* day after the twenty-seventh? Why not call over to ourselves each morning the property we own besides X. Y. stock?—the healthy digestion, the kindly, fun-loving neighbors, the glimpse of the hills from the windows—and other things which we can name only to Him

Instead of the yellow journals suppose we read for an hour before breakfast a page of Thackeray or Stevenson, or those old poems we used to know by heart, or—the long-closed Bible? Why not give the soul a daily bath as well as the body? It would be as strengthening as a tussle with Indian clubs, too, to remember the times in our lives when we had been unusually unselfish and generous. The meanest man has been a hero sometime. If we rose to such a height once, why not again?

Homely, dull things to do, perhaps, but they will help us out of the mud and fog in life to the uplands.

Less Work for the Doctors

FAR more important and encouraging as "signs of the times" than any developments in politics or industry are the advertisements of physical culture systems and health foods and other means for promoting a sound body. The enormous increase in this kind of advertising within the past five years means a sudden enormous increase in intelligent public interest in health. And that means oncoming generations with purer, stronger blood and therefore with clearer, more active, more courageous brains. And that, in turn, means that all the problems of living, personal, social, political, will be met and taken care of

Some one once said that the peoples of Asia were enslaved because they did not know how to say "No." But back of this vacillation lay poor health—the universal Asiatic complaint, due to a universal neglect of health, mitigated though it was by the sanitary regulations imposed under the guise of religious ordinances. No physically robust people was ever enslaved or was ever retrogressive. The first warning of the downfall of the Roman Empire before the hardier Northern races was the wretched throngs of weaklings in the pestilence-haunted cities of the Mediterranean. Heretofore in the world's history civilization has meant decay, because it has meant taking a nation's best from the healthful open-air toil of the country and decaying and degenerating it in noisome cities where the very ideals of happiness involved destruction of health

And our civilization of overabundant food, of exercise-ending street cars, and of all manner of muscle-saving and therefore muscle-decaying machinery would have meant speedy ruin to us of the modern world had it not been for the progress of sanitary science and of interest in things sanitary.

The first fruit of this progress has been the doctrine of the relative importance of drugs and the passing of the "family doctor"—two developments that are so rapid that we hardly appreciate them as yet. The other day Sir William Treves, the eminent English surgeon, announced what England seemed to regard as the amazing discovery that pain is not an evil, but a good—a friendly sentinel rousing the garrison to repel the invader, disease.

It is a grand advance that we have made in discovering that the body does not wish to get sick, does not accidentally get sick, but on the contrary wishes to stay well, and will stay well if its owner is not ignorant or reckless. This discovery will make two great changes in our system of education.

The first will be the teaching of breathing. To breathe properly means health, long life, capacity for work. Yet to-day how many people know how to breathe, have learned how to supplement Nature's somewhat clumsy device for carrying on the breathing function automatically? How many people, of the millions who are anxious that their children should learn spelling and reading and cyphering and manners, give a thought to their children's learning to breathe?

The second great educational change will be in the matter of diet. In this country and in nearly all of Europe except France we are still eating the things our forefathers managed to digest when they were toiling and sweating terribly in the open air.

Nature made the appetite for food keen because she had to deal with conditions in which the food supply was short and hard to reach, and, if the appetite had not been keen, the animal would have easily given over the struggle. We ignore the changed conditions and use Nature's no longer necessary bait as an excuse for stuffing ourselves three times a day and eating between meals. If it weren't that sanitation is so much better nowadays, and cooking also, the consequences would be even severer than they are. As it is, we suffer a great deal from "overwork" and "nervous prostration," don't we?

It is pleasant to eat to satiation. It is comfortable to take no exercise and to breathe lazily in one corner of the lungs. But it isn't the way to be long-lived and healthy. And it is the way to let the other fellow who breathes and exercises and eats properly distance us. Hence the growth of interest in health and the decline of interest in drugs and doctors.

MONSIEUR de BLOWITZ

By Vance Thompson

M. HENRI DE BLOWITZ

IN EVERY great man you may, by diligent study, discover one certain quality that made him what he is—or was, for some great men are dead. I have seen a goodly number of great men in my day. Usually I have been able to spot the essential quality in them—whether it were brain or brawn, genius or impudence, luck or vanity, tyranny or human kindness. I have never met a great man whom I could not (to my own wicked satisfaction) tie a label to and put away in some critical pigeonhole. Well, *mes enfants*, for the last two years I have been wandering about in the shadow which encircles De Blowitz. Do I know him? Not in the slightest. Still, since he is a great man and must be labeled and pigeonholed I have put him away in that drawer of my *cartonnière* upon which is written

Mystery

Who is M. de Blowitz?

Upon my word I do not know

I open the latest biographical encyclopædia and I read—will you look over my shoulder and read it with me?—this

> Blowitz (Henry, George, Stephen, Adolphe, Opper of Blowitz): born in 1825; was naturalized as a Frenchman in 1870

Then follows a page account of what he has done since 1870. But it's a far cry from 1825 to 1870. What happened in those years? You suggest that I might have asked M. de Blowitz to answer this question. I had the same idea myself one morning. He was sitting in an easy chair outlined against the broad window of his study—a big man with a huge torso in which life could find elbow room and take its ease—a huge head, modified by long, drooping whiskers and healthy hair—for the rest I saw only a pontifical dressing-gown of wadded silk. His legs were crossed Oriental-wise; he sat there looking straight at me with bluish, mysterious eyes. I would as soon have tried to interview the Buddha.

Whence came he? From what mystic rim of the Orient? From what Galicia—from what home ties—from what dim incubator of energy and greatness neither you nor I nor any man save M. de Blowitz himself, knows. In that red cross of the Franco-German War he appeared in Paris, dimly. In the records you will find the date of his naturalization—that is all. He was not a young man then. Within six months he made Thiers President of France. You fancy I am exaggerating? Let us go back to the documents of the day. It was on January 28, 1871, that arrangements were made for the knuckling under of France to Germany. A Parliament was got together at Bordeaux to establish some sort of a government. The Bonapartists and the Royalists were in a majority. And yet—no one knows quite how unless it be M. de Blowitz—after a quarrelsome days Thiers was made Marechal, chief of state—a republic was established and Thiers led the war to what end you know and created a new France. What was it De Blowitz did then? Mystery.

That is the only answer to anything about M. de Blowitz. When the Germans left France—it cost France one thousand millions of dollars in insect-powder to get rid of them—M. de Blowitz was already established in Paris. He was working for Laurence Oliphant, the correspondent of the Times.

For the first few months he was an insignificant figure in the bustle of that great office. Oliphant, however, marked him and studied him. Perhaps you may have a literary recollection of Oliphant. He was a man who bulked big over his generation—a poet, a mystic, a soldier; he had carried a fragment of liberty into the dim edges of the Orient before he became the London Times man in Paris. He was a diplomatist, too—altogether a rare man. He loved liberty and peace. For these ends he toiled, as adventurer or newspaper man. Having studied De Blowitz he said to him one day: "You can do this work better than I can—so I'm going." And he went to what Kansas or Nebraska I have forgotten for the moment—to found a socialistic colony of honest men which failed.

Oliphant was off to what new world he knew not: De Blowitz had found, or made, his opportunity. He was the Paris correspondent of the London Times. I should like to explain what that means, but only the professional journalists—perhaps of them only a score—would understand what it does mean. You will understand readily enough that the Times is the leading newspaper of the world; you cannot compare it to the yellow journal that comes in with your morning coffee. The Times is more than an institution—it is England. Its sensitive tentacles reach across the globe. Therefore the man who represents the Times in Paris—where the currents of all national interests cross and clash—is not a journalist, he is a diplomatist; or, in more meaning words, a maker of events. Even in Oliphant's day the Times office in Paris was merely a bureau for political gossip. That it is an institution is due wholly to De Blowitz—it was he who made it, as, perhaps, he made himself. Diplomatist among diplomatists, he is more powerful than any of them, because he works in the interests of the whole rather than in that of a part. His loyalty to the Times is unquestionable. Yet that seems to be merely an incident in his career. He does not so much represent the Times as he has made the Times represent him—so that day by day the Times seems to be a cinematographic reproduction of this large, staunch, mysterious old man in the quilted silk dressing gown. He has spun a web around the globe—news of whatever happens in Europe or America or the Orient comes trembling along the filaments of his web and he smiles and knows and acts.

M. HENRI DE BLOWITZ IN HIS STUDY

Of him may be said what Pope said of Bolingbroke: "He knows more of Europe than all Europe put together."

If you care to meet this amiable, patient, calm, smiling, watchful and unreadable man—who plays with empires as your little Willie plays with marbles—I shall be glad indeed to take you to his office, his home and his country house. First the Times office.

M. de Blowitz receives from five to seven. You come from the glare and tumult of the boulevards into a broad, quiet court; you mount two pairs of stairs and ring an electric button; comes then an oldish, meek man, with whiskers like a butler, who asks you in a whisper why you have dared to profane this silent office; then he shuffles you into a narrow, tall, respectable library and leaves you to look at thousands of books while he takes your card to the great man. Him you see no more. A mysterious curtain drops and you see M. de Blowitz in a doorway. The light is on that big, domed, full-browed head; you see that first—then the famous fluttering necktie and the roomy, muscular body of the man. You comprehend, as you see him, how it was that he leapt the wall of Versailles palace one night and sent abroad a piece of news that changed the politics of Europe—this muscular old man who looks like the elder Dumas.

"Come in," he says with that fine politeness which seems almost feminine, so fine it is—"Come in, I am charmed."

And he bows himself into a big chair near the window and you find yourself sitting opposite him with the light on your face, feeling that M. de Blowitz is your oldest, best and surest friend. You have come to interview him. After an hour you go away and you find (when you think it over) that you have told him all about your father and mother and grandmother, your aunt who ran away with the lieutenant and whose children are now in Roehampton, about your wife and children and the girl you loved and, though she jilted you will love for ever and ever—all this you have confided to that mysterious old gentleman in the big chair by the window, while he (the rogue) has told you absolutely nothing.

That is the way you interview M. de Blowitz.

M. de Blowitz's Parisian home is in the Rue Greuze, just off the Avenue Henri Martin. While Madame de Blowitz was alive (she died a few years ago) the most marvelous dinners in this marvelous Paris were given in the big, English-looking dining-room, where a painted fortune looks down upon you from the picture-frames. Madame de Blowitz was the most accomplished hostess in Paris. Since her death there have been fewer fêtes in the Rue Greuze. And yet—I state a fact, which I am permitted to state here—there is not living to-day more than one reigning sovereign who has not put his legs under that broad mahogany table.

M. de Blowitz is a very busy man and yet you would never know that he works, should you see him from one dawn to the new dawn. His ideal of a dinner is twelve people—four men and the other seven women; he admires women and believes in their honesty and power far more than casual observers do. When dinner is over and the women have gone to the drawing-room, M. de Blowitz smokes his cigar and talks to the men—I beg your pardon, he lets the men talk to him. All this time you fancy he has been merely an idle, charming host? A perfect host and charming he has been, but not idle.

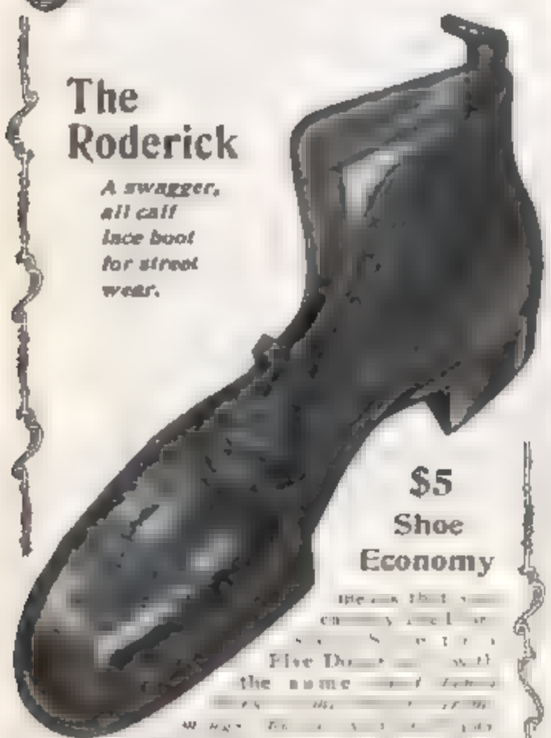
"Will you join the ladies?" he says "we will finish the evening at the Opera."

Then he will vanish—in half an hour he will come again, but in the mean time he will have dictated his daily article to the Times; his carriages wait at the door—they whisk you down to the Opera; you listen to the music, and somehow or other your kindly host seems to pervade the music and the glittering opera house—you look up and he is gone. The mysterious man! He may be scribbling in the gloomy Times office; he may be hobnobbing with the King of the Belgians—all you know is that he has slipped out of your ken. When you go downstairs after the opera is over you get into the De Blowitz carriages. They roll away on their rubber tires. They carry you to some supper room, where you find De Blowitz installed (like Buddha) at the head of the table! The mysterious man!

M. de Blowitz spends his summers on the Normandy coast at Les Petites Dalles, a little fishing hamlet which owes its fame to him. There on a wooded cliff he built his summer home, half-château, half-châlet, and christened it the Lampottes. His life there is that of an English country gentleman. Morton Fullerton has etched a charming picture of M. de Blowitz at the Lampottes; read here: "Toward three o'clock in the afternoon, indeed, almost daily, M. de Blowitz has an amiable habit. He walks down with members of his family, and the guests who are staying with him, to the pretty bathing-cabins, in front of which stretches an improvised awning, and, picturesque in his colored flannels, he sits himself down with a cigar to watch the bathers. He, the most distinguished of European critics, is here and now the object of many curious and admiring observations. He holds here

(Concluded on Page ...)

The Florsheim SHOE



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The Reading Table

A Broad Argument

The Honorable Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, whom President Roosevelt selected as recorder of the Commission to adjudicate the issues of the coal strike, enjoys an enviable reputation, not only as a statistician but as a man who invariably investigates both sides of a question before reaching an opinion.

A story is told in Washington which well illustrates his impartial habit of mind. A politician, it is said, once asked Mr. Wright if he did not think there was much to be said in favor of a certain measure which he opposed.

Mr. Wright replied that there usually is a good deal to be said on both sides of every question. "Let me illustrate by a little story," he continued. "The president of a small Western railway once wrote to the president of one of the large Eastern systems inclosing an annual pass over his little road and begging an exchange of courtesy.

'The small Western railroad in question boasts of a total trackage, including sidings and terminals, of less than thirty miles.

'In reply to its president's request for a pass over the big Eastern line, the president of the latter wrote that he regretted his inability to grant free transportation over 3000 miles of railway in exchange for an annual pass over a road whose total length did not exceed the distance a man could walk in a day.

'I will admit,' retorted the unabashed Western president, 'that my road is not so long as yours, but I would call your attention to the fact that it is just as broad.'

Two Western Luminaries

Colonel James Hamilton Lewis is regarded as the most polite man in the West. Whenever he meets an acquaintance, however humble that person may be, the Colonel lifts his hat. His memory for names and faces has been with him a large element in personal popularity. In this connection an excellent story is told at his expense.

A newspaper man once had occasion to interview him, but saw him only a moment. They had never met before and they did not meet again until more than a year had passed. On this second meeting the newspaper man was writing a telegram in a district office. Colonel Lewis had been speaking to the operator and, turning, saluted the journalist, calling him by name. When the Colonel had gone out the gratified correspondent said to the operator, "That was a marvelous exhibition of memory for Lewis to know my name."

"I can't see it that way," said the operator; "Colonel Lewis asked me your name half a minute before he spoke to you."

At the Hotel Spokane in the city of that name Colonel Lewis for several months had been patronizing the bootblack of the house. Upon nearing the stand the ever-polite Colonel would take off his hat to the bootblack before seating himself, but with the absent-mindedness of genius he was in the habit of walking away without paying for his shine. After a few months of this sort of thing the bootblack ventured to speak to the hotel proprietor. He was told that he must collect his own bills. He thereupon wrote to the Colonel at Seattle a letter which concluded as follows:

"Like you, I try to make the world brighter, but I think, like you, I should be paid for it."

Colonel Lewis was delighted and in reply said:

"I herewith inclose a check for twenty dollars which will, I think, cover my indebtedness. Please accept also my gratitude for your courteous patience, and know that I shall henceforth admire the brilliancy of your wit as much as I do the lustre of your shines."

An Up-to-Date Treasury

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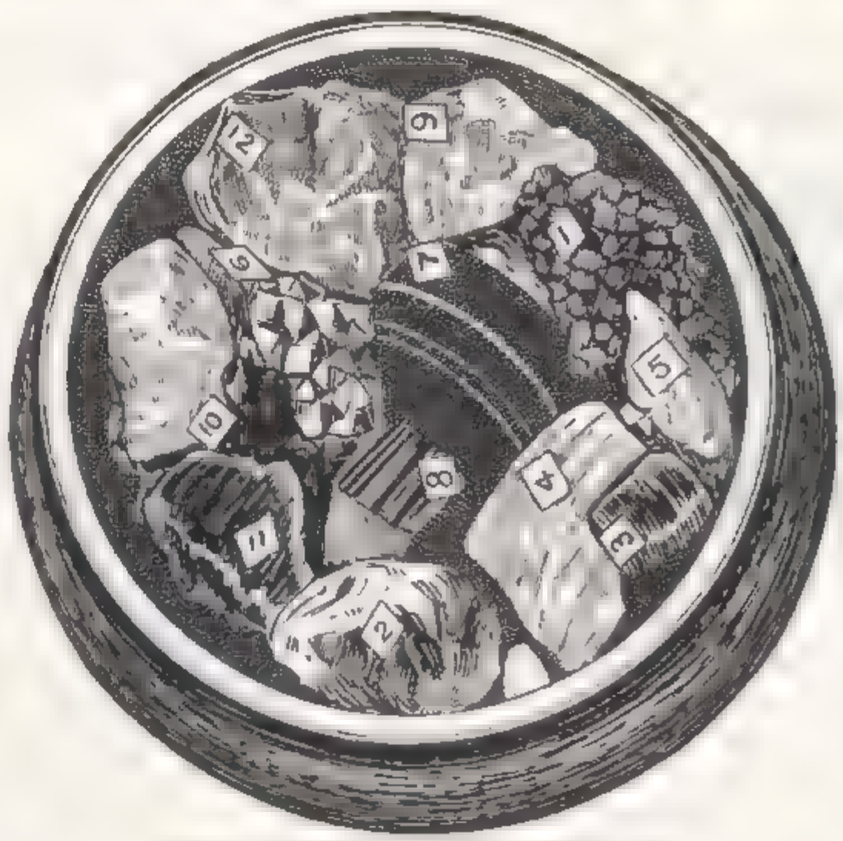

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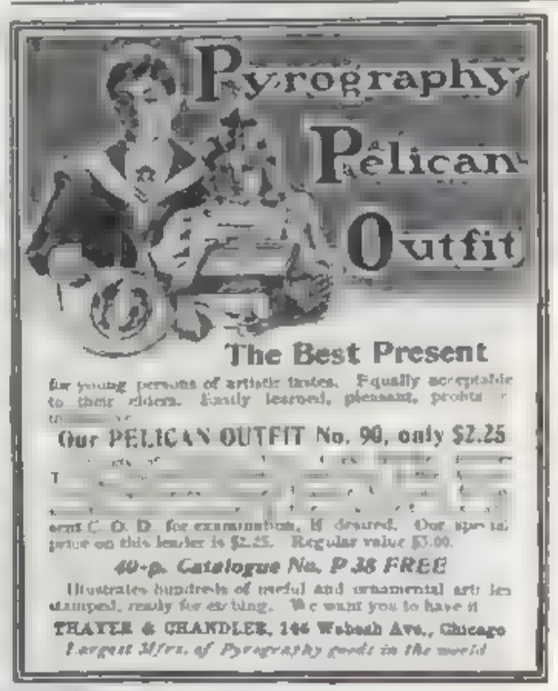

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He summed up the situation as follows:

There are five thousand employees in the Treasury building. If, under more lax regulations, three thousand of them should average a tardiness of ten minutes a day, the total day's tardiness would be thirty thousand minutes. As a Treasury day, deducting a half hour for luncheon, is six and a half hours, the loss to the Department, calculated in terms of individual service, would amount to seventy-six and nine-tenths days every day. In a secular year, any of three hundred days, this would reach the astonishing aggregate of seventy-six and nine-tenths years, and all because individual tardinesses of ten minutes were overlooked!

Secretary Shaw saw the point. The result was that instead of modifying the order, the time-card exactions were made more binding than before.

The more progressive among the clerks welcome the modern methods. Mr. Armstrong's order requiring each of the ten thousand letters received daily to be stamped with electrically operated time devices, showing the hour and minute of its arrival at the various divisions to which it goes for consideration, and enjoining the mailing of an answer thereto before 4 P. M. of the day the letter arrives, has caused the fear of time to fall upon the whole Department.

Last week the following conversation was overheard between two Treasury women:

"I used to have time," said one, "to read some of the magazines and new books during office hours, but I'm getting frightfully behind in literary affairs now."

"Yes," said her companion, "we all realize the difference. For my part, I don't get a minute for my crocheting."

How Governor Taft Saves Time

Governor Taft is a large man and at first glance might appear inclined to move ponderously. There is, in fact, little to suggest in his ordinary movements the strenuous life he really leads. But though he does not lay about him at random, every stroke counts.

His recent visit in Washington gave a chance to observe some of his methods of work. In the carriage to and from Secretary Root's house, where he was a guest, Governor Taft was to be seen arranging documents preparatory to dictating to a stenographer.

At one time when he had occasion to take a train out of Washington he sat in his office in the Insular Division of the War Department and continued dictating matters of state until the last moment. Then he rose, calmly went to his carriage, instructing the stenographer to accompany him. On the way to the station the dictating was resumed, and at the train another stenographer, who had been previously assigned to the trip, was in waiting. Dismissing stenographer number one the Governor began with stenographer number two. As the train pulled out he was seen busily engaged. He has at nearly all times a stenographer at hand, and he is able to accomplish an almost incredible amount of work.

While being shaved or having his boots blacked he dictates letters or memoranda.

His deliberate persistence and his employment of many minutes and hours that ordinary men waste have enabled him to stand the strain of a position which might easily break down the health of even a more robust man.

One Idea of Happiness

ALONG the upper Potomac, between Great Falls and Harper's Ferry, Grover Cleveland, when he was President, found great delight in fishing. Among the canal men and fishermen of the vicinity many interesting incidents of the eminent visitor's outings are repeated.

At the place on the Potomac known as Point of Rocks the President was fishing one day and with democratic simplicity chatting with some canal boatmen. One of the latter remarked that people in that vicinity were very glad to see the President enjoying himself.

"Yes," said the President, "there are two ideal states of happiness in this world, and one of them is to fish and catch something," and he pointed to his string of bass.

"What's the other happy state?" ventured one of his auditors.

"The other great felicity," replied the President, pointing to one of the members of his party, who had been casting his line diligently and with great enjoyment but without other visible results, "is to fish and not catch anything."

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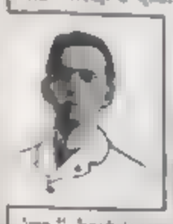

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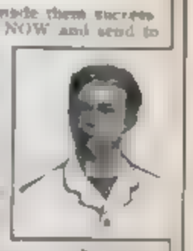

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MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S stimulating influence upon the output of books is to be increased. As an author he has added a few books directly, and as the founder of numerous libraries he will undoubtedly be responsible, first and last, for much additional bookmaking. Now comes the organization of the great Carnegie Fund of ten millions for the promotion of original research, and it is reasonably certain that this will involve the production of many books. Much sage advice has been proffered regarding the building of laboratories, the endowment of observatories and a multitude of other projects, but it is altogether probable that when the organization is effected, late in the year, it will be found that original scientific research on the part of individuals will be the chief object. How these individuals are to be selected is one of the many questions which are being most seriously considered by competent experts, but it is evident that the results of the scientific investigations will be formulated in theses and reports, and these will be published. Since these publications will have a distinctive character on account of the uniqueness of the endowment fund, and the responsibility involved in its application, the quality of the publications becomes a matter of peculiar consequence.

Paper which will be durable, careful printing and unexceptionable mechanical details will be regarded as primary essentials. The books will be manufactured under the direct supervision of the officers of the Fund, and doubtless published by them. Probably they will be put forth without copyright, since they will be intended for the information of scholars, and they will be distributed to institutions of learning and to great libraries. It will be a most interesting new departure in publication. Though the reports of the Government's scientific departments are familiar enough, the publication of the original investigations made under the auspices of the Carnegie Fund should, and doubtless will, have an importance and a character which will render them distinctive.

Some Millionaire Authors

Mr. Carnegie himself now has a substantial list of books to his credit. Some fifteen years have intervened between his first book [illegible] and his recent volume of addresses and essays. When Triumphant Democracy appeared its somewhat overexultant note provoked criticisms, but wisdom is justified of her children, and American democracy has certainly triumphed abundantly since. The lighter side of the steel king's life was illustrated when he took a hand in the preparation of a book on coaching in England. His last book preaches the gospel of success, and assuredly no one has a better right to speak. On the strength of his authorship of books proper to literature Mr. Carnegie was elected a member of the Authors' Club, of New York. The club now occupies a handsome suite of rooms in the Annex of the Carnegie Music Hall. Some years since the club gave Mr. Carnegie a reception. Of his own literary work he spoke most modestly. He made no claims to special consideration as author, but expressed his appreciation of his membership with a convincing simplicity and modesty.

In the case of another multi-millionaire author it is said that literary modesty was not a distinguishing quality. At about the time that Triumphant Democracy was published, Mr. William Waldorf Astor dawned on the literary horizon as the author of Valentino, an Italian historical romance of the sixteenth century. "In Rome," began Mr. Astor, "on a crisp December morning in the year 1501, Monsignor Roccamura, Governor-General and Prelate of the Castle of St Angelo, stood at the rampart of that fortress gazing upon the eddying Tiber at his feet, upon the houses opposite, and upon the Alban hills stretching away southward in varying tints of verdure." It is a style which might be termed turgid, but the story was relieved by some able bits of fighting, and was by no means bad. Yet the public received it with scant favor, and disappointment at the failure of his literary ambition as well as his political aspirations is said to have had something to do with Mr. Astor's self-expatriation.

Undeterred by this experience, Mr. John Jacob Astor followed his cousin's example. His own tastes are scientific rather than literary. His mechanical accomplishments include the ability to drive an engine, and one of his favorite studies has been astronomy. Very naturally he drew upon this

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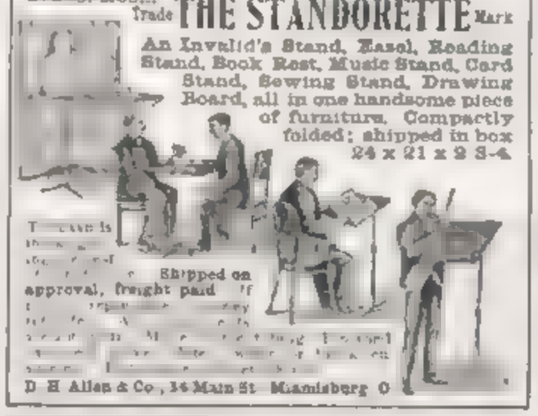
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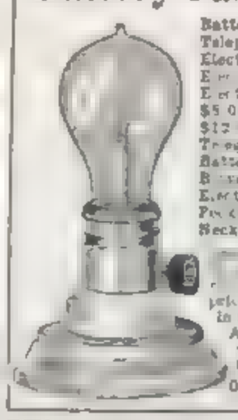

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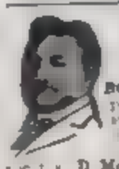

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knowledge in his romance *à la* Jules Verne, which was entitled, A Journey in Other Worlds. Various amusing tales are told of the secrecy observed in the preparation of the book and the care with which the author's incognito was preserved until the book was ready to be launched. When the announcement was finally made there was a stir in newspaperdom, and the volume of free advertising was all that the most exacting author could desire. Nevertheless, while A Journey probably gained a fair success, it is said that the author was dissatisfied, and as yet he has not repeated his venture into the literary field

Of Interest to the Collector

Of a very different order is the making of *éditions de luxe* which has been done by other millionaires. A superb book on the famous Restigouche salmon river was prepared by the late Dean Sage, of Albany, bibliophile and fisherman, who was stricken down in camp on his beloved river. The late William T Walters, whose magnificent art collections in Baltimore include an array of Chinese porcelains which is possibly the choicest in the world, followed up the private publication of various art books with the preparation of a monumental book on "Oriental Ceramic Art." Artists made water-color drawings from costly porcelains which Prang, the dean of American lithographers, reproduced with marvelous fidelity. Chinese types were imported from the Orient, and an English expert who had lived long in China prepared the text. Some copies were sold, the price being the modest sum of $500, but the work was really simply an expression of Mr. Walters' love of art. Unhappily he did not live to see its completion, but all his ideas were carried out by his son. Another costly example of the finest bookmaking is the superb work on Jades prepared under the direction of Heber R. Bishop, of New York, whose remarkable private collection is held in honor by amateurs. Thus far Mr. Pierpont Morgan has been a collector rather than a maker of books, but with the multiplication of his treasures of paintings, porcelains, tapestries, and all manner of objects of vertu, possibly he may be moved to the private publication of some memento of his treasures. At present Mr. Morgan's collections are divided between Europe and America. Very naturally he objects to the absurd duty which America assesses upon the importation of works of art. There is absolutely no connection, but the mention of this overpowering name suggests an essay at an epitaph written by an English journalist when the Shipping Trust was announced. Two lines were much as follows:

Here lies Mr Morgan beneath this stone,
And God now runs the world alone

The Rage for Subscription Editions

Apropos of costly books, the recent announcement of a subscription-book publisher is nothing if not impressive. He has selected a French novelist of considerable vogue many years ago, whose work is characterized by an astonishing absence of reserve. This prolific realist, a realist of the frankest kind, is to be published according to the announcement in editions whose prices are staggering even in this day of five million or nine million dollar palaces for steel kings. There is to be one supreme *édition de luxe* limited to a few sets at the modest price of $100,000. There are to be other editions at $50,000 and $25,000. The ways of bookmakers and bookbuyers are often past comprehension, and the exact reasons for an investment of $100,000 in the voluminous works of this outspoken novelist will remain a mystery to most of us

The reason for another costly book published a few years since was more obvious. It was called The Book of Wealth, and its object was to picture the luxurious environments of the Vanderbilts and others whose names are synonymous with gold. The price was $2500, and it is said that it met with a considerable degree of success. At the present time many elaborate editions are made of standard authors which depend largely upon "hand-painted" illustrations, which are copied in water colors from pictures usually made in Paris and reproduced in photogravure. These illustrations are colored by hand, and the quality of the paper, and particularly the richness of the binding, bring the prices of the limited editions up into the hundreds and even the thousands. There are assuredly books for all manner of readers. The multi millionaire can invest a hundred thousand [illegible] set. For the sum of five cents the messenger boy can possess himself of a most absorbing "shocker"

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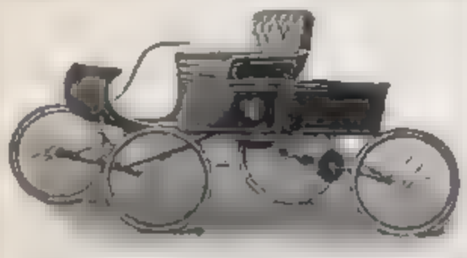

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A Tenderfoot on Thunder Mountain

(Continued from Page 5)

economic production, I feel justified in predicting a great future for this section. Of course one of the serious drawbacks to the country is lack of transportation and a long snow season; but the demonstration of tonnage will bring with it not only one but several roads, as the country presents no serious [illegible] to railroad building. With the coming of Alice and Buffalo Hump mines to the north and silver mines to the south I see nothing unreasonable in predicting large mines on the same belt in the [illegible] unexplored region. Do not understand me as to ever [illegible] concerning this section with the Thunder Mountain country as my investigations there were limited and would not permit of my speaking for or against it."

Now this much credence is to be given to Hunter's statement, no matter what sort of a man you may happen to think he is: If the Big Creek country does not turn out as he has represented it to his clients he will lose his job. For his clients have nothing to sell. In fact none of the properties herein mentioned is owned by companies offering stock for sale. The men who own these prospects are able to develop them. If there is any money to be made when the prospects become mines, these men will keep it. It may be convenient to operate the mines through corporations and the stock will be properly listed, but it will not go on the market. At least that is the intention of the men who owned these properties this fall. They are following the advice of the old song which says, "When you get a good thing, save it, save it; when you get a good thing, save it till you die."

For the Ear of the Small Investor

The attitude of investors who have actually got into the Big Creek country is that of the man who bought a big ledge on Smith Creek near the Empress properties, and replied when they asked him why he didn't buy another property: "Well, if I've got anything I've got enough. That ledge there is worth $50,000,000 or not a penny. I'm not sure which, but I'm going to see."

It is altogether likely that a wagon road will come to Big Creek next summer and with it will come stamp mills for such of these properties as shall become real mines. A little mill, capable of handling in a year enough ore to develop a really great mine, may be put up on Big Creek, after the wagon road arrives, for six or seven thousand dollars. If a property has any sort of prospects with a wagon road running to it an owner can borrow that much money on it, and development may go ahead without soliciting money from the sale of stock in the open market. This explanation of the situation seems to be due to the readers who may see tempting offers of Thunder Mountain mining stock next spring, and therefore be inclined to invest. The advice of deponent is—not to invest. The country may be infested with wildcat schemes with the Thunder Mountain or the Big Creek brand on them. But unless some reputable expert passes upon a proposition, the small investor should not touch it.

Mines may develop this winter on Big Creek as great as the Homestake, which has paid nearly one hundred million dollars in dividends. This is possible. But on the other hand, frauds as magnificent as ever disgraced the country will follow the great development. There is no silver lining without a cloud! If these great mines do develop, every citizen of the country will get his share, for the great increase of gold will give an impetus to every line of trade. It is just as well to let the rich grow richer, if they grow rich in gold mines, for they can afford to lose if they lose; and anyway the law of the talents, "to him that hath shall be given," will operate in spite of the poor man's protest. The law is as old as the universe. No chance discovery of gold in Idaho's hills can change it. But it never affected the world's happiness, and never in the world's history can affect it so little as now. For what we call creature comforts are given to nearly all who care to possess them, and the keys to all the world of learning and the latchstrings of such content as learning brings are in every one's hands. After a man is sure of three meals a day, a comfortable bed to sleep on, a bit of grass to play on, and a friend to talk to and plenty of work to keep him from rusting, nothing else is of real importance. Nature's stamp mill may have ground gold out of the

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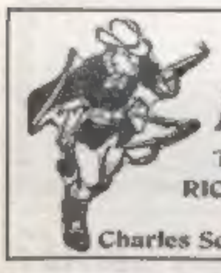

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idaho rocks by the ton, and for all the average man should care whoever gets it should be welcome to it.

The road to Thunder Mountain may be black with men next year, and as the year grows old some men may come back over the road weary from carrying gold. And others may stay in the hills and find happiness. For the chief glory of gold-hunting is in the chase and not at the end of the hunt. For if a man does not love the hills, if he does not find joy in life in the open, and rejoice in trying his strength on a steep hill or across a cliff, if he does not find peace and comfort in work though it be hard and grimy, if he has no pleasure in heavy feet at night and a hard bed and a simple meal—these gold-hills have nothing for him but torments, and all their gold will be ashes to him when he touches it. Or if he takes it away and would make it serve him, the gold will curse him and mock him and burn his hands like coals. And yet men do not curb their lusts with the wisdom of the race. Wise saws about the folly of men who try to buy real happiness with money will not stop one man of all the thousands that will swing into the Thunder Mountain trail next spring. And if they really find the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow it may build an empire in the West, cause cities to spring up in the wilderness, make civilization wax strong in the desert; the course of a million lives may be changed and the destinies of nations; but will one soul be happier than it would have been if Thunder Mountain had hidden its gold and men had never found it?

And that is the riddle of the sphinx again.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last paper by Mr. White on the Thunder Mountain gold strike.

Monsieur de Blowitz

By Vance Thompson

(Concluded from Page 13)

a little court on the shingle beach. Brightly-dressed women gather to him from every point of the compass; while he who has his emissaries in every quarter of the world, and whose subtle influence is felt at each episode of the European movement, gives himself up with pardonable indulgence—under the ample umbrella—to the pretty trifles of glib women's charm and chatter. Before he has enjoyed enough, and obedient to one of those harmless devices in which well-taught men of the world often indulge, he retires from this charmed and, as I can affirm, charming circle, and climbs to the great villa on the cliff. There are letters to be written and telegrams to be sent to Paris, and perhaps an article meditated during the afternoon."

M. de Blowitz affords a singularly fine example of what the man of will and brain can make of his life. Circumstances aided him very little. He had neither the collaboration of a great fortune nor the assistance of a well-known name. By his own efforts he crawled himself into the position which no man ever held before and no man probably will ever hold again. No ruler of Europe has been so potent a factor in preserving European peace. Yet he is not a statesman. A master of journalism, who could instruct the most expert American reporter, he is not a journalist. He checkmated Bismarck and "cooked Count Munster's goose"—to use the late Lord Lytton's phrase—and yet he is not a diplomatist. He is De Blowitz. That is all you can say. An accomplished gentleman, a man of broad and cosmopolitan culture, expert in life, knowing men and women, he has entered the lists with a stronger lance and taken a wider career therein than any man of our day. His work will loom larger in the perspective of history. When the little negligible facts have dwindled into their due insignificance De Blowitz's rôle in the drama of the last thirty years will stand out huge and clear. In the mean time the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will know this great, mysterious man better than others do. His "Blowitziana," now appearing in this magazine, will throw light upon many a dark problem of latter-day history and will disclose, also, no little of his baffling, cryptic personality.

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THE PIT

(*Continued from Page 11*)

a pigeonhole of his desk, and compared certain figures with those mentioned in the report.

Outside the rain swept against the windows with the subdued rustle of silk. A newsboy raised a Gregorian chant as he went down the street.

"By George, Sam," Jadwin said again, "do you know that a whole pile of that wheat has got to go to Europe before July? How have the shipments been?"

"About five millions a week."

"Why, think of that, twenty millions a month, and it's—let's see, April, May, June, July—four months before a new crop. Eighty million bushels will go out of the country in the next four months—eighty millions out of less than a hundred millions."

"Looks that way," answered Gretry.

"Here," said Jadwin, "let's get some figures. Let's get a squint on the whole situation. Got a Price Current here? Let's find out what the stocks are in Chicago. I don't believe the elevators are exactly bursting, and, say," he called after the broker, who had started for the front office—"say, find out about the primary receipts, and the Paris and Liverpool stocks. Bet you what you like that Paris and Liverpool together couldn't show ten millions to save their necks."

In a few moments Gretry was back again, his hands full of pamphlets and "trade" journals.

By now the offices were quite deserted. The last clerk had gone home. Without the neighborhood was emptying rapidly. Only a few stragglers hurried over the glistening sidewalks; only a few lights yet remained in the façades of the tall, gray office buildings.

Before Gretry's desk the two men leaned over the litter of papers. The broker's pencil was in his hand, and from time to time he figured rapidly on a sheet of notepaper.

"And," observed Jadwin after a while—"and you see how the millers up here in the Northwest have been grinding up all the grain in sight. Do you see that?"

"Yes," said Gretry; then he added, "navigation will be open in another month up there in the straits."

"That's so, too," exclaimed Jadwin, "and what wheat there is here will be moving out. I'd forgotten that point. Ain't you glad you aren't short of wheat these days?"

"There's plenty of fellows that are, though," returned Gretry.

All at once as Gretry spoke Jadwin started and looked at him with a curious glance.

"There are, hey?" he said. "There are a lot of fellows who have sold short?"

"Oh, yes, some of Crookes' followers—yes, quite a lot of them."

Jadwin was silent a moment. Then suddenly he leaned forward, his finger almost in Gretry's face.

"Why, look here," he cried. "Don't you see? Don't you see——"

"See what?" demanded the broker.

Jadwin loosened his collar with a forefinger. "Great Scott! I'll choke in a minute. See what? Why, I own ten million bushels of this wheat already, and Europe will take eighty million out of the country. Why, there ain't going to be any wheat left in Chicago by May! If I get in now and buy a long line of cash wheat, where are all these fellows who've sold going to get it to deliver to me? Say, where are they going to get it? Come on now, tell me, where are they going to get it?"

Gretry laid down his pencil and stared at Jadwin, looked long at the papers on his desk, consulted his penciled memoranda, then thrust his hands deep into his pockets with a long breath. Bewildered and as if stupefied he gazed again into Jadwin's face.

"Great Scott!" he murmured at last.

"Well, where are they going to get it?" Jadwin cried once more, his face scarlet.

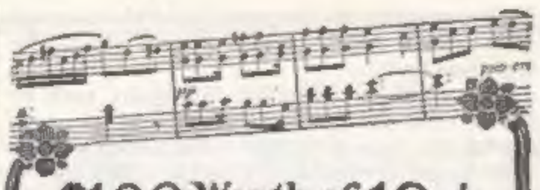
"J.," faltered the broker—"J., I—I'm damned if I know."

And then, all in the same moment, the two men were on their feet. The event which all those past eleven months had been preparing suddenly consummated, suddenly stood revealed, as though a veil had been ripped asunder, as though an explosion had crashed through the air upon them, deafening, blinding.

Jadwin sprang forward, gripping the broker by the shoulder.

"Sam," he shouted, "do you know—great God—do you know what this means? Sam, we can corner the market!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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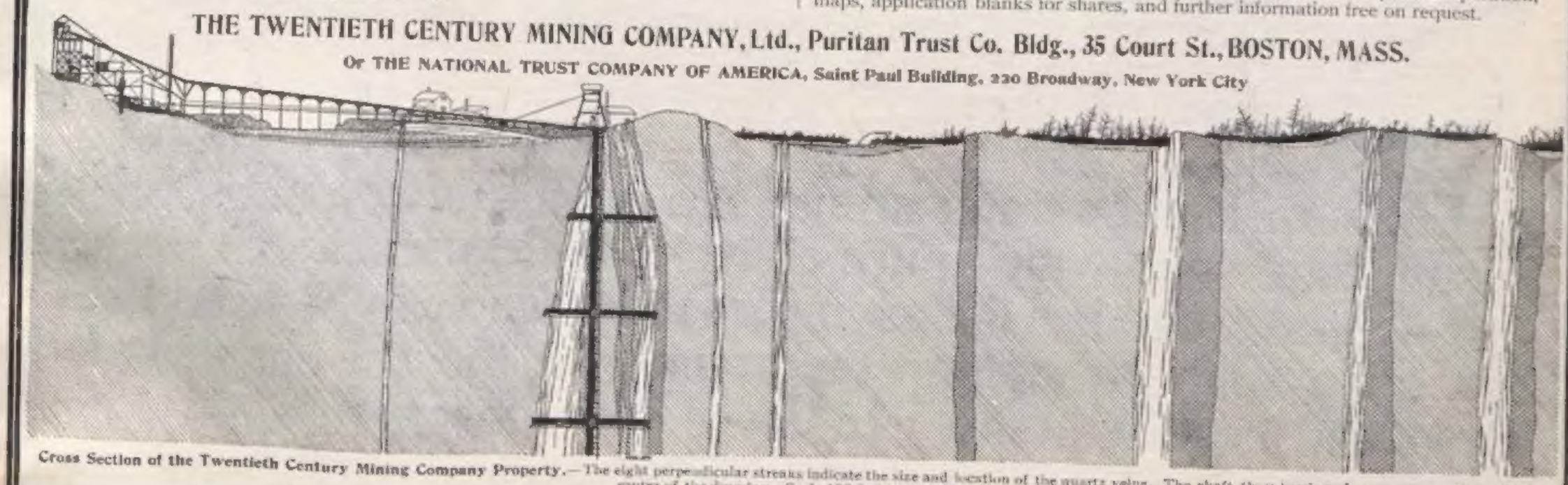

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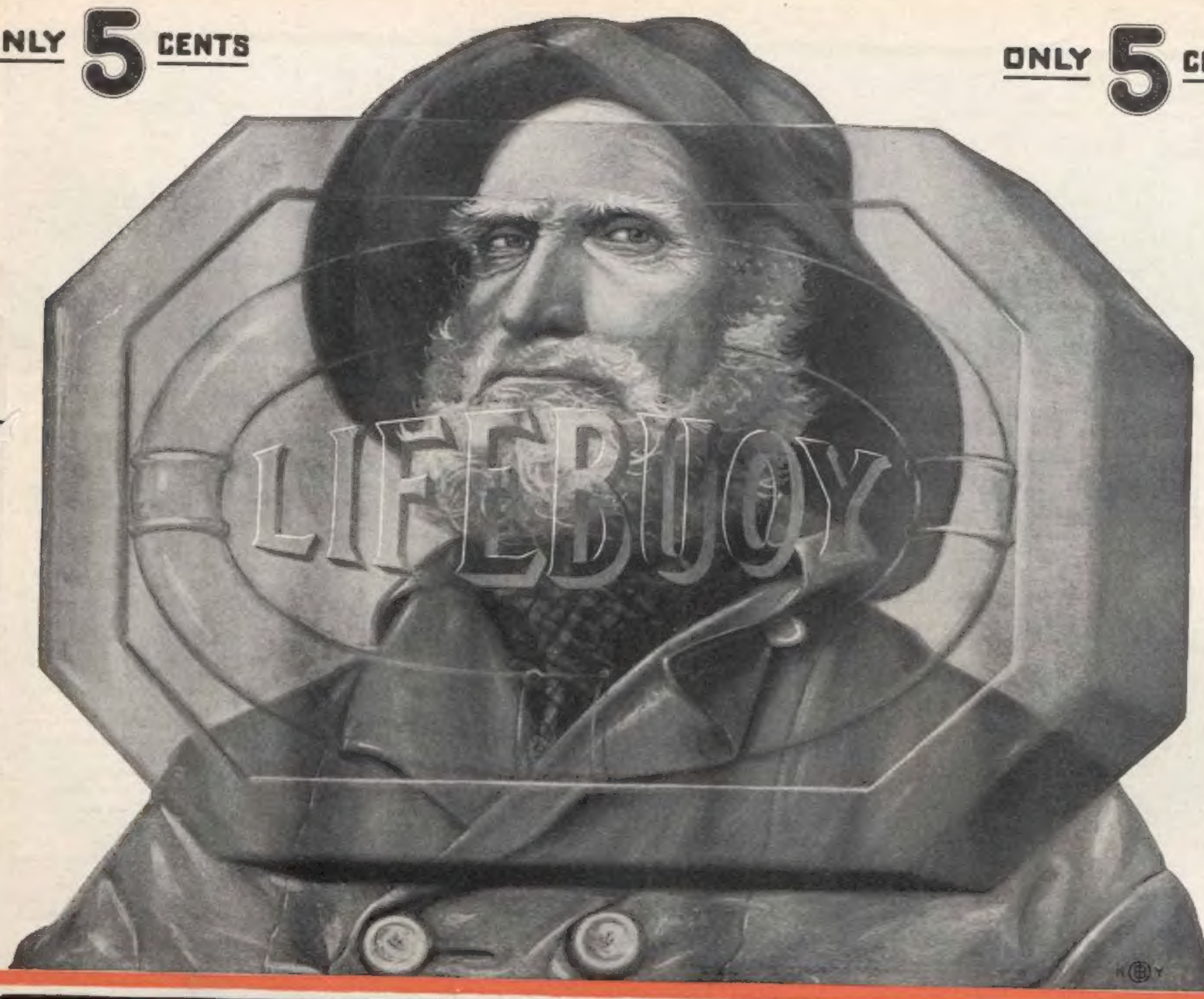

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